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PUNCH or The London Charivari—May 23 1956

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PUNCH OFFICE 10 BOUVERIE STREET LONDON E.C.4.

"BOOTH'S GIN *and* TONIC"



For all gin drinks
ask for
BOOTH'S
There is only ONE BEST



BY APPOINTMENT
TO HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN

GIN DISTILLERS
BOOTH'S DISTILLERIES LIMITED

"For Safety's Sake
I always insist on



BRAKE SHOES

DAMPERS

SPARES IN KITS

CRIMSON BRAKE FLUID

GENUINE GIRLING SERVICE

when my brakes need
attention...

ASK YOUR LOCAL AUTHORISED GIRLING SERVICE AGENT

To ensure that genuine Girling
brake shoes have been fitted, ask
your garage for a Proof-Positive
Certificate.

GIRLING

THE BEST BRAKES IN THE WORLD

GIRLING LIMITED
KINGS ROAD, TYSELEY,
BIRMINGHAM 11

WAY OUT AHEAD

Servis

REGISTERED TRADE MARK



**BOILS! WASHES!
WRINGS! EMPTIES!**

All this and
COLOUR TOO

In addition to all-white
or cream, exciting new
colours available are
Lemon Peel Yellow,
Horizon Blue, Guards-
man Red, Almond
Green teamed with
pearl-white or honey-
cream. Go gay with
Servis.

All this for only
£86.5.6
tax paid.

H.P. Terms available.
Write for Demonstration
in your own home.

SERVIS ELECTRIC WASHERS LTD., (DEPT. P) DARLASTON - S. STAFFS.



Remember! Quality and dependability are guaranteed by the B.M.C. Used-Car Warranty and you are certain of a good deal when you sell.

The M.G. Magnette is powered by a twin-carburettor 1½ litre O.H.V. engine developing 60 b.h.p.

£693. 0. 0. Ex. Works plus
£347. 17. 0. Purchase Tax

sportsman in disguise!

Beneath this formal city attire beats the heart of a sporting motorist — witness his M.G. Magnette! Handsomely it measures up to the demands of business and family affairs — in the elegance of its line, in its smooth, silent running, and in the quiet luxury of its interior. (Real leather upholstery — fascia panel and woodwork in walnut.) Yet, out on the open road, it puts up a performance right in line with M.G. tradition. Surging acceleration, rigid road-holding, powerful braking — all the joys of sports motoring are there in generous measure.



1½ LITRE MAGNETTE

Safety first!

B.M.C. SERVICE IN EUROPE. M.G. owners planning a Continental Tour are invited to see their M.G. dealer for details of a free service to save foreign currency.

THE M.G. CAR COMPANY LIMITED, SALES DIVISION, COWLEY, OXFORD

London Showrooms: Stratton House, 89 Piccadilly, London, W.1
Overseas Business: Nuffield Exports Limited, Cowley, Oxford, and 41 Piccadilly, London, W.1



An Austin Reed Shirt brings an air of well-being

First, the special comfort: it's a positive pleasure to wear this new-styled Austin Reed shirt. A glance in the mirror shows how perfectly it fits, how well it suits you. Very satisfying, too, to have been able to make so individual a choice — the range of colours and patterns is very wide indeed.

Collar attached or with two collars
Two sleeve lengths, of course.

30/- 35/- 40/-

• Every man should have a nylon shirt—yours will cost you a well-worth-it 115/-

• An Austin Reed shirt of Sea Island cotton is a luxury buy—but not prohibitive at the price: 65/-

AUSTIN REED
Of Regent Street

LONDON AND PRINCIPAL CITIES

cafe royal

*"We take pleasure
in giving pleasure"*



SAYS MONSIEUR JULES
RESIDENT DIRECTOR OF THE CAFE ROYAL

"As we who are responsible for the Cafe Royal walk around its rooms, we delight to see the evident enjoyment given by our food, our wines and the beauty of the setting in which they are served".

The beautiful Restaurant and plush, gilded Grill Room are open until midnight, and the Grill Room is open also on Sundays.

To reserve a table please telephone
WHitehall 2473.

cafe royal

REGENT STREET,
LONDON, W.1

A forte's enterprise

this year take **MOVING** pictures

Family snapshots are fun but modern families now take *moving* pictures. They're so true to life — such a joy to look back on in the years to come.

they're cheaper than you think

If you can afford to take snapshots you can certainly afford to take moving pictures with a Bolex Cine Camera. True it costs more initially than some still cameras, but you'll find the actual cost of making your family moving pictures compares very favourably with what you now pay for ordinary snaps.

only 10d for each action shot

That's all filming with a Bolex need cost. 50 ft. of film, costing just over £1, gives you at least 24 good length action shots. Developing is free, so this works out at approximately 10d. a shot. Of course, you can vary the length of shots as you wish. In fact filming with a Bolex is far easier than taking still snapshots.

BOLEX
8 mm cine camera

Swiss precision built and sold in Britain for more than 25 years.

Price from £58.7.7, according to model and lenses. Write for details and your nearest dealer's address.

CINEX LTD., 9-10 North Audley St., London, W.1. Grosvenor 6546

LOVELY WEATHER FOR...



CRITTALL

The sign of a
well built house

**WEATHERPROOF
WINDPROOF
ROTPROOF**

POSITIVELY RUSTPROOFED METAL WINDOWS

Write to Crittalls for a helpful booklet on Metal Windows



THE CRITTALL MANUFACTURING CO LTD · BRAINTREE · ESSEX · BRANCHES AND DEPOTS THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY



Mustn't grumble...

even to a pigeon... but we're having trouble with our advertising agency about this, the first advertisement that Magnesium Elektron Limited has ever inserted in *Punch*. It's not that we don't admire our advertising chaps, but they just don't understand what *Punch* readers want to see in an advertisement.

As far as we can see, our product doesn't need any advertising. It sells itself. "Present the facts!" we said to the agency, "and the readers will do the rest."

"What is magnesium?" they chortled, "Something to do with milk, isn't it?"

We had to restrain ourselves. Can't upset these creative types. But we did explain that magnesium is the lightest of all metals, and in terms of its weight has the greatest strength of any structural metal particularly as an alloy with certain rare metals.

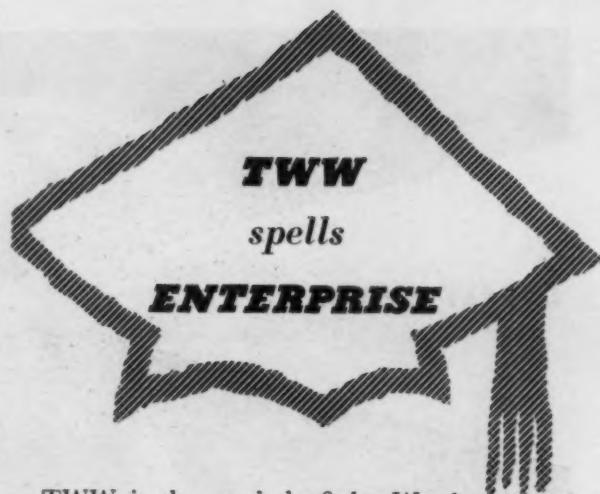
"Never mind the facts," they shouted, "All you need is a gimmick." We discovered that this was an Americanism. We raised our voice slightly at this, and pointed out that Magnesium Elektron Limited is the oldest company in the field with a proud pioneering record, and a Research and Technical staff second to none.

"Glad to hear it," was the reply, "But all you have to say is this." They repeated a slogan, and despite the fact that we are looking for a new advertising agency we think it has a certain merit. It was: "Wherever magnesium is used—

Elektron is the answer



MAGNESIUM ELEKTRON LIMITED
CLIFTON JUNCTION MANCHESTER
London Office: 21 ST. JAMES'S SQUARE, SW 1
IN USA MAGNESIUM ELEKTRON INC. NEW YORK 20



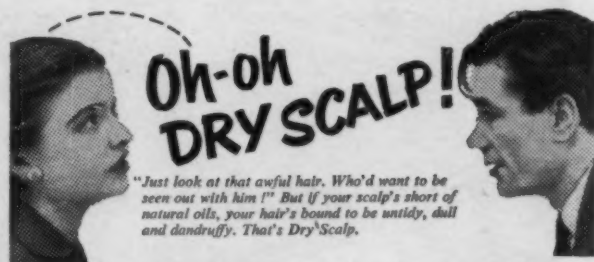
TWW is the symbol of the Ward
Group of Companies—one of the largest
industrial organisations in the country
and one whose products and services
cover almost every branch of industry.

THOS. W. WARD LTD

ALBION WORKS · SHEFFIELD

GP/P1

London Office: Brettenham House, Lancaster Place, Strand, W.C.2



"Just look at that awful hair. Who'd want to be seen out with him!" But if your scalp's short of natural oils, your hair's bound to be untidy, dull and dandruffy. That's Dry Scalp.



THERE'S only one sure way to check Dry Scalp. Massage a few drops of Vaseline Brand Hair Tonic into your scalp for 20 seconds every morning.

This unique blend of pure, natural oils, containing no spirit or other drying ingredients, quickly supplements the scalp's natural oils, helps oil-starved roots—checks that Dry Scalp.

Result? Hair looks naturally handsome, stays well-groomed all day!

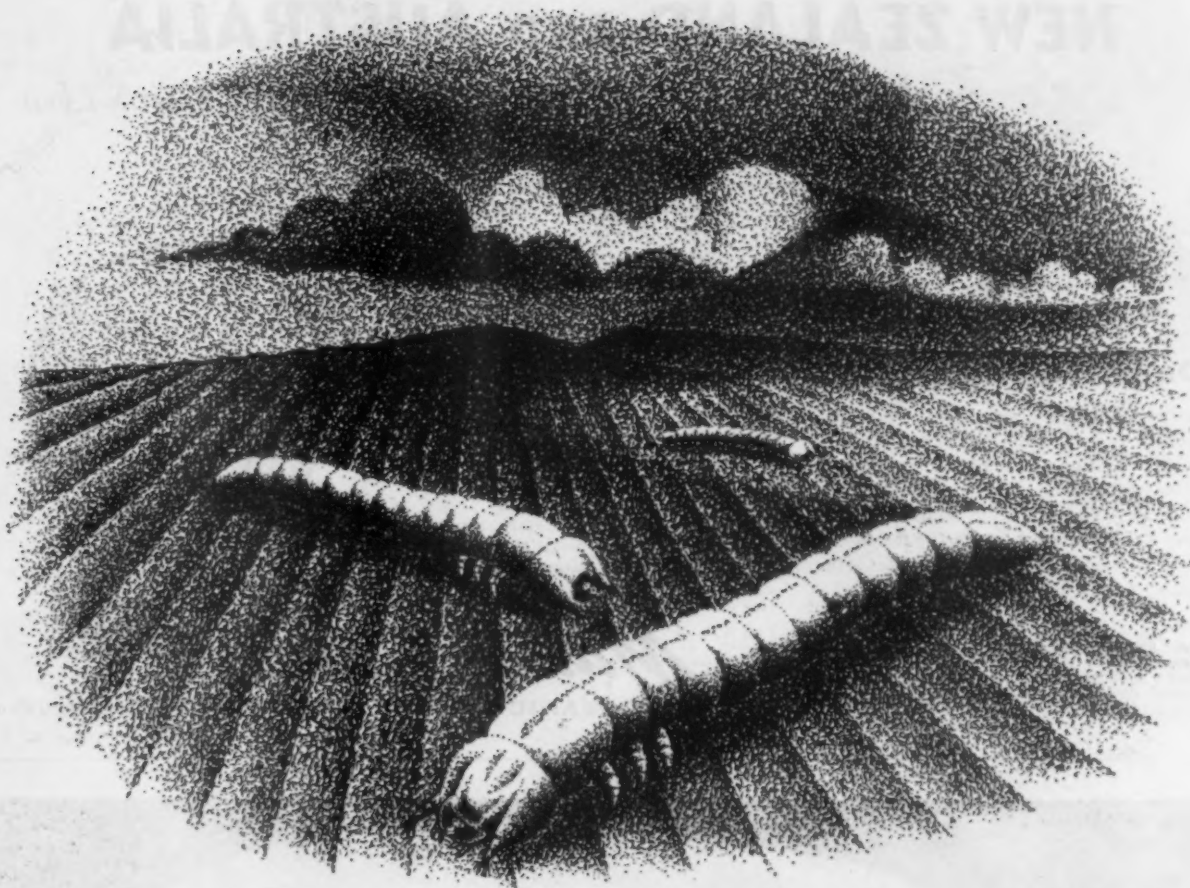


Vaseline HAIR TONIC

The dressing that checks Dry Scalp
2/10, OR 4/2 FOR DOUBLE THE QUANTITY

• Registered trade mark

8954-19



Between sowing and harvest

On British farms last year the equivalent of nearly 2 million acres of crops just faded out. That means about 50,000 farm workers worked in vain! This waste was due, not to bad farming or even bad weather, but to pests, diseases and weeds.

However, there is a brighter side to the picture . . .

Every year millions of tons of crops are saved by insecticides, fungicides and weed killers; and the development of new and better chemicals for agriculture

never ceases. In the forefront of this effort to reduce crop losses is Shell, with a wide range of highly effective weapons.

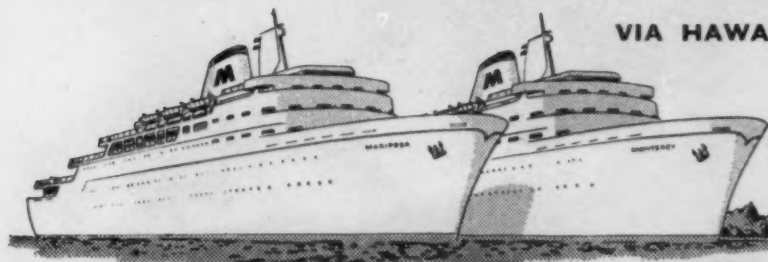
Shell's latest contributions are two insecticides of exceptional power and persistence—aldrin and dieldrin, now in worldwide use. This season, aldrin is guarding potato crops from wireworm, dieldrin is protecting cereal seeds and dealing with many foliage pests, and Shell weed killers are producing valuable higher yields.

You're always meeting **Shell Chemicals**



SHELL CHEMICAL COMPANY LIMITED, Norman House, 105-109 Strand, London, W.C.2. Tel: Temple Bar 4455

AGAIN . . . Matson Lines across the PACIFIC to NEW ZEALAND AND AUSTRALIA



VIA HAWAII • TAHITI • SAMOA • FIJI

On the new liners **MARIPOSA** and **MONTEREY**

With these twin ultramodern, air-conditioned vessels, each providing superb accommodations, all in First Class, Matson brings back its famed Pacific service this autumn. You can again follow a travel-way rich in interest—from California via Hawaii, Samoa and Fiji by one romantic route, or via Hawaii and Tahiti by the

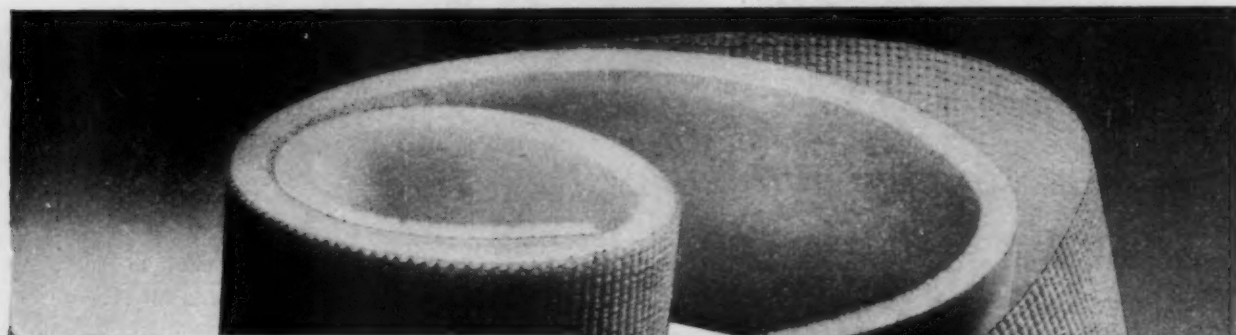
other, each allowing for pleasant hours ashore at these enchanting ports of call. Modest fares make it possible for you to enjoy this unrivalled ocean travel opportunity.

The journey to California, starting point of your Pacific voyage with Matson, offers another enthralling interlude along your way.



Sailings every 24 days from San Francisco and Los Angeles, beginning in October. For dates, fares and reservations, consult your Travel Agent or Matson Lines Office, Holland Building, 120/121 Pall Mall, London, S.W.1. TRA: 4932

Matson Lines
THE OCEANIC STEAMSHIP COMPANY



A NEW AID TO INDUSTRY SELF-ADHESIVE PLASTIC FOAM

Already in heavy demand as a draught and dust excluder "Stick-a-seal" self adhesive Plastic Foam has many other efficiency and time saving applications. Radio speakers mounted with "Stick-a-seal" have improved fidelity; in electronics it can be used to bed and reduce shock to delicate instruments. Powder and flour mills use it for sealing machines, fixtures and rooms against dust and leakage. Gaskets and intricate shapes can be cut or stamped with ease. Available in two thicknesses $\frac{1}{4}$ " and $\frac{1}{2}$ " and in widths from $\frac{3}{4}$ " to 19"



Write for details and sample of a suitable width to—
SEALDRAUGHT LIMITED.,
Chandos House, Buckingham Gate, London, S.W.1.
Telephone: ABBey 3571

One of the Hurseal Group of Companies

Stick-a-seal

INDUSTRIAL SELF-ADHESIVE PLASTIC FOAM

DRAUGHT & DUST EXCLUSION. ELIMINATION OF NOISE.
VIBRATION & RATTLE INSULATION. INSTRUMENT MOUNTING.
CUSHIONING. PACKING & A SCORE OF OTHER USES.

in the year of '69

In 1369 the hatchet was buried, for
a while at least. England and Scotland signed a
truce; for fourteen years it lasted, and
peace reigned. How much longer it

might have lasted with



*'Quality
Sells'*



**VAT
69**

FINEST SCOTCH WHISKY

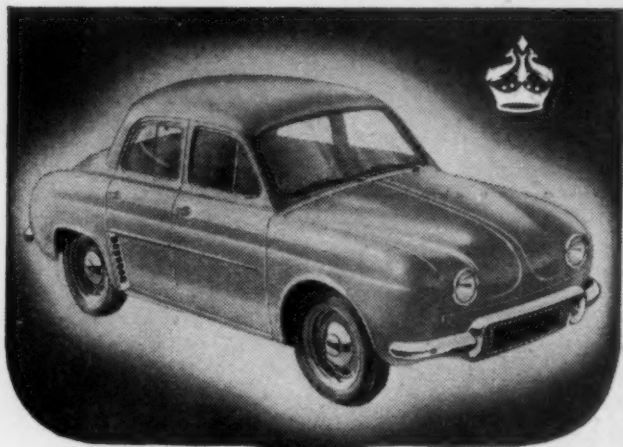
WM. SANDERSON & SON LTD · QUALITY ST · LEITH · SCOTLAND
LONDON OFFICE: 63 PALL MALL · SW1



By Appointment
To Her Majesty
Queen Elizabeth II
Scotch Whisky Distillers
Wm. Sanderson & Son Ltd.

THE Dauphine

—one of the RENAULT range



THINK OF A QUALITY!

Power with beauty, performance with economy, space with luxury — the Dauphine has them all, superbly! This wonderful new car in the middle range between the famous 750 and the Frégate is heiress to all the virtues that have made Renault cars the greatest in the world.

We are quite certain that with all her qualities she is first in her class but we ask you to judge for yourself! You are warmly invited to get in touch with your local Renault dealer for further information. The Renault network of dealers and distributors covers the entire United Kingdom.



THE DE LUXE 750

Amazingly manoeuvrable and extremely economical. It's the ideal small car. *N.B.* 4 doors and independent 4-wheel suspension too!

THE FRÉGATE

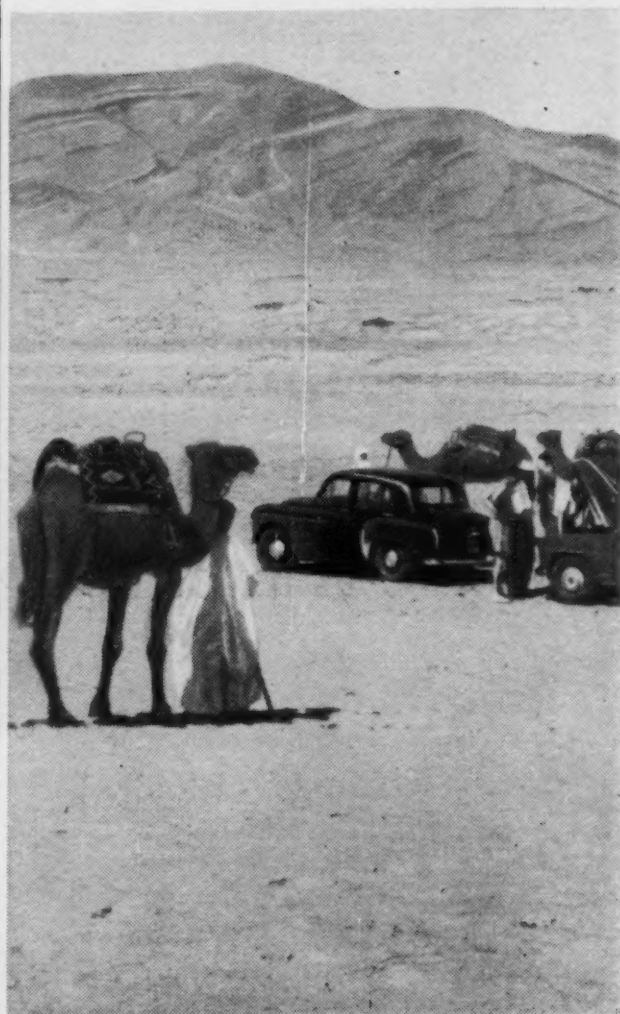
Seating six in complete luxury and capable of 85 m.p.h. with ease, it's the ideal large car. *N.B.* Overdrive fitted for economy — 28 to 30 m.p.g.!



RENAULT LTD., Western Avenue, London, W.3. Showrooms: 21 Pall Mall, S.W.1

THE RENAULT RANGE:

750 — DAUPHINE — FRÉGATE • All assembled or trimmed at Acton (302)



BP TESTS IN THE SAHARA

DRIVING an average of one thousand miles a day for sixteen days, a team of technologists from The BP Sunbury Research Station has been testing specially blended fuels to assess performance in hot climates. On desert tracks in the Sahara. On steep climbs in the Atlas Mountains. At high speeds. In gruelling temperatures up to one hundred and ten degrees in the shade.

Continuous research into every stage of the production, refining and use of oil is part of the unequalled service of which the BP Shield is the symbol: a service to millions of motorists in Britain, in Western Europe and in many other parts of the world.



The BP Shield is the symbol of the world-wide organisation of

The British Petroleum Company
LIMITED



*Accles & Pollock
are very polished
at making precision
steel tubes*

Whenever a specification for carbon or alloy steel tubes calls for something a little (or a lot) out of the ordinary, or demands finer limits or special finish, it's worth remembering Accles & Pollock.

Worth remembering that for over fifty years Accles & Pollock have been turning yesterday's impossibility into today's practicality—saving time, trouble and money into the bargain.

PRECISION
WE MAKE STEEL TUBES





WHERE PAINT

MUST DO MORE THAN DECORATE

Magnet could be chosen for its looks alone ;
for its lustrous gloss and dense film. For the variety of
shades given by 30 intermixable colours. But first and
foremost Magnet is a white lead base hard gloss paint —
and **WHITE LEAD PAINT LASTS.**



Reproduced by the courtesy
of Miss Pat Smythe and in
co-operation with the Inter-
national Equestrian Fund.

Internationally acclaimed...

Miss Pat Smythe is one of the many riding celebrities who choose Harry Hall riding clothes. Thoroughbred tailoring from materials of lasting quality has made the name Harry Hall famous the world over. For men, women and children, Harry Hall provides riding wear, both made to measure and ready-made, to suit every occasion and every pocket.

For example, ready to wear:

For Children

Jodhpurs from 89/6d.
Jackets from 5 gns.
Hunting Caps in Black, Navy or
Brown. About 75/-.
Riding Macs £6.10.0.

For Adults

Jodhpurs from £6.14.0.
Jackets from 9 gns.
Long Riding Macs 10 gns.
Short Riding Macs 9½ gns.

Complete catalogue and patterns for bespoke garments
gladly sent on request.

HARRY HALL

235-237 REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.1. REGent 6601
Or from agents throughout Great Britain & overseas

A

**MAY
1**

MOSCOW, BERLIN, OXFORD. May Day is celebrated with pomp in the East and with some frivolity on the Cherwell. Work at Oxford's Clarendon Laboratory and at the Department of Physical Chemistry, however, is far from frivolous. Here mass spectrometers built by Metropolitan-Vickers are used to study chemical reactions and will determine the age of minerals, rocks and meteorites.

every day

E

**MAY
2**

CHISLEHURST. The opening of the Walsingham tomb threw no light on the controversy as to whether Marlowe wrote Shakespeare. Mazda lamps, however, illuminate the scene at the Stratford Memorial Theatre.

every way

I

**MAY
3**

LONDON. "The March Hare" is a new British film opening at the Odeon, Leicester Square, tonight. It will intrigue racegoers with wonderful action photography at Ascot, Epsom, and in Ireland. CinemaScope, projected by the B.T.H. equipment at the Odeon, is particularly suited to films so full of action.



mind at rest

Step aboard an "Empress" liner at Liverpool and you embark on a welcome interlude of freedom from care. No pleasanter introduction to Canada, or indeed any country, than the "landscape" voyage up the St. Lawrence. No better stroke of business than to arrive refreshed. Canadian Pacific know how to do things. Food, comfort, service — these can easily be adequate: here they are magnificent. What is more, your journey on from Quebec or Montreal is a simple matter: Canadian Pacific trains give you the freedom of Canada, and run direct, too, to many points in the United States.

Canadian Pacific

IS WITH YOU ALL THE WAY

SAILINGS WEEKLY

Consult your travel agent or any Canadian Pacific Office.



Identifying a land mark, entering a strange harbour, reading signals, in these and a hundred other circumstances throughout a cruise, the yachtsman is dependent on his Binoculars.

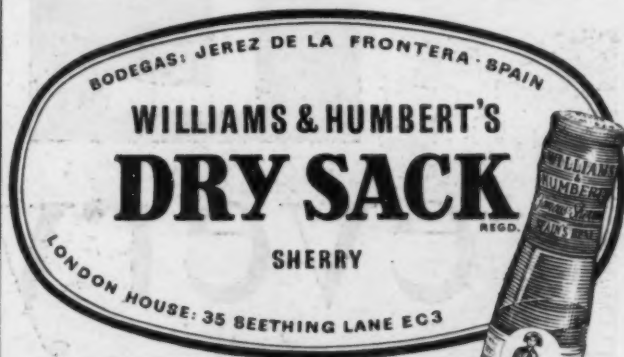
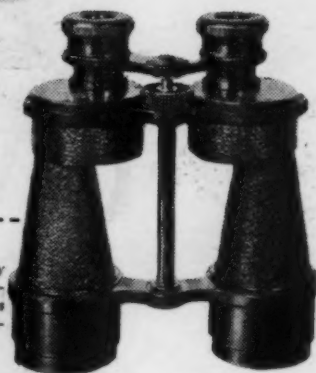
Ross Binoculars, with their tremendous light gathering power and remarkable definition, are ideally suited to the constant demands made on them by yachtsmen.

STEPLUX 7x50 £47.19.10

These binoculars are particularly suitable for yachting, racing or wherever the clearest possible vision is required. Write for illustrated catalogue to:—



ROSS ENSIGN LTD. CLAPHAM COMMON NORTH SIDE, S.W.4

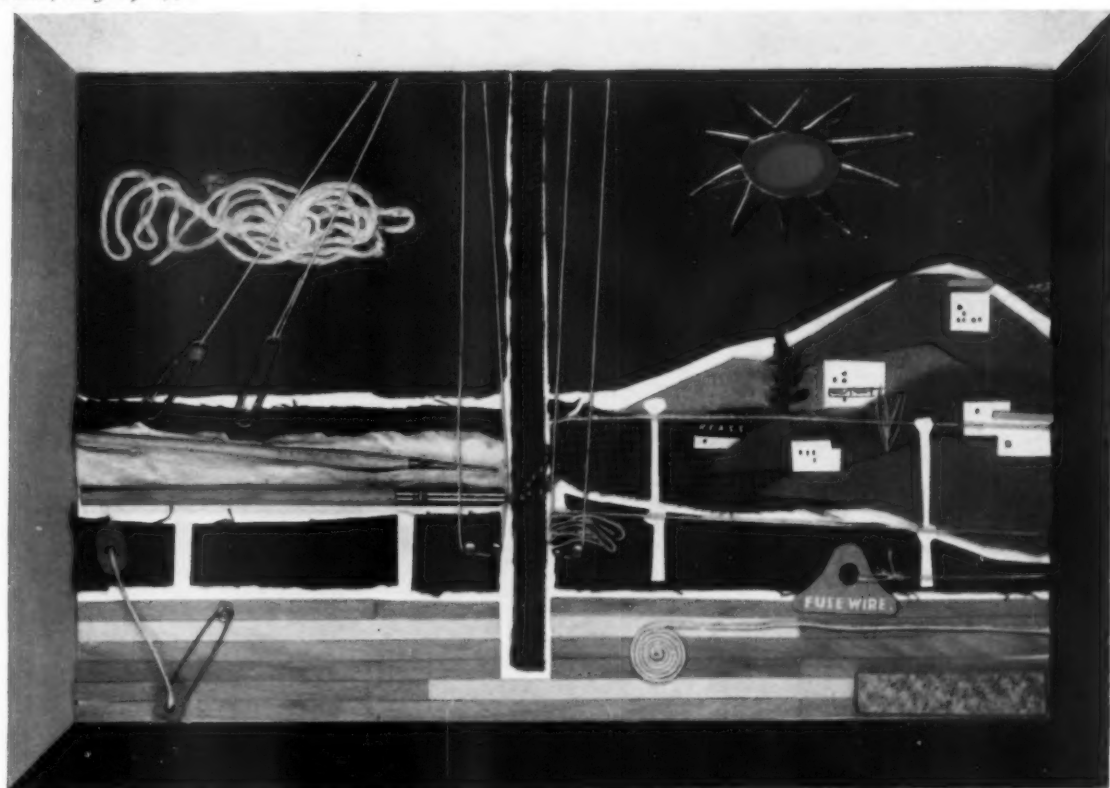


For over 50 years DRY SACK—Spain's famous Medium Dry Sherry—has been a popular favourite throughout the world. Available also, of course, in half bottles.



Spain's Best





Landscape with lightweight . . .

Cruising beneath purple skies. Cloud-skipping in a turbo-prop. This you may, or may not.

But. Days are coming when heat rays hammer on pavements, when offices oppress and dining-cars suffocate. Holiday you must. In heavy clothes? Preposterous!

This man-at-ease wears a light Daks suit. A stone-coloured lightweight Daks suit, this happy man on King's Parade, the Grande Corniche, Prince's Street, the promenade deck, or where you will. Two-piece. Beltless.

Pounds lighter in weight than the suit you carry now. He knows what's what—and that's as high as wit and wordly wisdom fly.

How easy. Right round the world, how Daks!



DAKS

SUITS

Punch, May 23 1956

INCOMPARABLE *Princess* FOR PARTICULAR PEOPLE



Craftsman-built for those who insist on individuality and have a liking for luxury, one of the four Princess models will solve the problem of car selection for 1956 and many years to come. Prices from £2,686.7.0 to £3,226.7.0 including tax.

An Automatic gearbox is amongst the many optional extras available. Your Austin agent will be pleased to demonstrate this impressive car.



VANDEN PLAS (ENGLAND) 1923 LTD., KINGSBURY WORKS, KINGSBURY ROAD, LONDON, N.W.9



But how can we cut electricity costs?

'Do as we did. Put in Johnson & Phillips capacitors. There's one up on that girder.'

'What do these capacitors do?'

'In technical jargon, they improve our power factor. More to the point, they reduced our electricity charges by 20% and paid off their initial cost in under two years.'

'I'd like to know more.'

'Then get your technical people to contact J. & P. Believe me, they'll pick up some very impressive facts and figures.'

J. & P. POWER POINTS



A Practical Example

Consumer's maximum demand loading ... 500 kW
Average power factor before correction ... 0.63
Power factor after installation of capacitors ... 0.95
Cost of capacitor installation ... £2,040

ANNUAL COST OF ELECTRICITY

Before correction £6,900
After correction £5,415
Annual saving £1,485

Could you make a similar saving? We'll be glad to work it out for you.

JOHNSON & PHILLIPS



A Power in the Electrical World

Johnson & Phillips Ltd., Charlton, London, S.E.7



COMMERCIAL UNION ASSURANCE COMPANY PROFITABLE OPERATION AND CONTINUED PROGRESS

The Annual General Meeting of the Commercial Union Assurance Company, Ltd., will be held on May 28 in London.

The following is an extract from the circulated statement by the Chairman, Lt.-Col. John Leslie, D.S.O., M.C., D.L.

The Group has enjoyed another year of profitable operation, and I am pleased to report that continued progress has been made in practically every part of the world in which we operate. During 1955 the total net premium income through the Fire, Accident and Marine Departments exceeded £54 million, which is a record figure, and the total of new sums assured in our Life Department was the highest yet achieved.

Ten full years have now elapsed since the conclusion of the second world war, but many of the problems caused by the war remain with us. Several and far-reaching changes of an international and political nature are still taking place in many parts of the world, and a process of readjustment is therefore likely to continue for some considerable time. However, in spite of these vicissitudes, the general level of industrial and commercial activity was well maintained in 1955.

FIRE DEPARTMENT

At home our premium income is still growing, the rate of increase being greater than in recent years. This increase is due in large measure to an expansion in our business, but it also reflects the general rise in prices and an increase in stocks and materials held by industry. Fire damage continues to take a high toll of the national wealth, and although there has been a rise in the number of major fires during the year, our loss ratio has not proved unsatisfactory. We deal each year with a large number of claims arising from bad weather conditions, and there is an increasing demand for the inclusion of such extraneous perils with the Fire policy.

In the overseas field, whence we continue to derive the larger part of our Fire premiums, the incidence of fire damage in 1955 shows, unfortunately, an increase over the previous year, whilst the destruction of property caused by windstorm, earthquake and analogous perils has continued at a high level.

ACCIDENT DEPARTMENT

Home business again showed further expansion and the rate of progress quickened. To an extent, however, this satisfactory feature has an inflationary content, owing to the general rise in wages and the price level of goods.

The ever-increasing number of accidents on the roads and their costly consequences continue as a vital national problem. The most regrettable feature is that no real solution seems to be in prospect, in spite of efforts made in many directions; this is indeed a grave indictment of the age in which we live.

The Miscellaneous classes of Accident business again showed further advancement, with generally satisfactory results.

In the United States of America 1955 was a year of vigorous business activity. In this favourable economic climate there was a further advance in the revenue of Casualty insurers, although to some extent expansion was restrained by the intensified competition which I mentioned last year, as well as by rate reductions in some classes of business.

MARINE DEPARTMENT

In the Marine market 1955 was an uneventful year and, although the number of reported casualties to vessels showed a slight increase on the previous year, no vessel over 10,500 gross registered tons was reported a total loss.

In the shipbuilding industry British yards continued to work to full capacity and launchings were the highest since 1929, accounting for over 27 per cent of the total world output.

LIFE DEPARTMENT

Continued progress was evidenced in the Life Department, and once again there was a record figure for the net sums assured retained at the Company's own risk after deducting sums reassured. The gross sums assured were actually £23,392,358, compared with £21,135,333 for the previous year. Most companies shared in our experience during 1955, but we are gratified to know that our 12 per cent rate of expansion was up to the average.

During the year the Life Fund increased by £3,360,936 to £53,490,132, and, in spite of a fall in the value of fixed interest bearing securities, the aggregate market values on the 31st December 1955 exceeded the aggregate net book values by a reasonable margin. This happy position was due in the main to the Directors' decision some years ago to increase the proportion of the Fund invested in Ordinary Shares, which have considerably appreciated in value and increased the yield on the Fund. The average earned rate of interest was £3 15s. 3d. per cent net, an increase of 2s. 3d. per cent on the previous year's figure.

The Directors recommend a final dividend of 2s. 2d. per 5s. Unit of Stock, making, with the interim dividend of 1s. 6d. paid in November last, a total for the year of 3s. 8d. per 5s. Unit, compared with 3s. 4d. for 1954.

ATOMIC DETECTOR PROVES

80%
less engine wear *WITH*
BP Energol
'Visco-static'

Danger Radioactive. The radioactive piston ring from Harwell is being removed from its keep. The ring is used in a special wear detection rig at The British Petroleum Company's Research Laboratories. It has proved conclusively that BP Energol 'Visco-static' gives 80% less engine wear.



Measuring wear while the engine is running. Over and over again test results with BP Energol 'Visco-static' motor oil have shown 80% less wear on cylinder bores and piston rings. These tests have been made with a wonderful new radioactive wear-detector at The British Petroleum Company's Research Laboratories. By fitting radioactive parts, engineers measure wear while the engine is actually running.

What is the main cause of engine wear?

Research has proved that engines wear out faster while warming up. The reason is that while the car isn't in use, acid products condense on the cylinder walls and attack the surfaces. In turn the products of this corrosion are abrasive and grind the piston rings and cylinders when the engine starts. This accounts for the greater part of all engine wear.

How BP Energol 'Visco-static' reduces wear
BP Energol 'Visco-static' defeats

starting wear in two ways. Firstly because of its anti-corrosive additives, it leaves a strong, protective layer of oil on the cylinder walls when the engine is stopped. Secondly when the engine is started again BP Energol 'Visco-static' flows freely even in extreme cold. This ensures that the cylinders are flushed with adequate lubricant during the critical warming up period.

Up to 12% saving in petrol

You cut down oil drag with BP Energol 'Visco-static' and so save up to 12% of petrol on start and

stop running and up to 5% on longer runs. Starting is easier too in all weathers and your engine runs more freely and easily. BP Energol 'Visco-static' is for all the year round—another plus point.

Do's and Don'ts with BP Energol 'Visco-static'

Don't mix it with other oils.

Drain and refill with BP Energol 'Visco-static'. If you have not been using a detergent oil you should run for 500 miles, then drain and refill again.

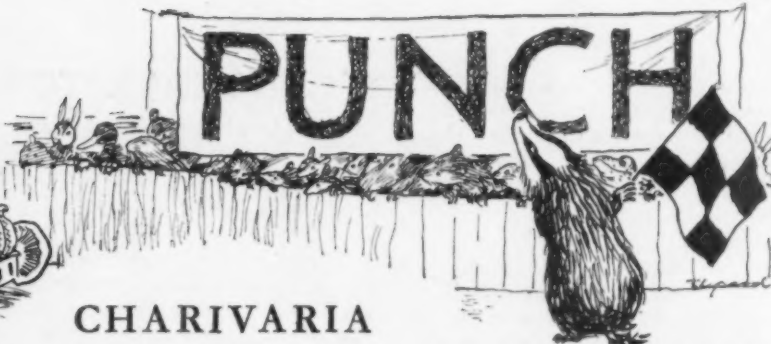
Don't change to it if your engine will shortly need an overhaul. You will do better to continue with the normal grades of BP Energol until it has been overhauled.

BP Energol 'Visco-static' is obtainable at garages where you see the BP Shield, in pint, quart and 1 gallon sealed containers.



ENERGOL 'VISCO-STATIC' MOTOR OIL IS A PRODUCT OF THE BRITISH PETROLEUM COMPANY LIMITED

'Visco-static' is a trade-mark of The British Petroleum Company Limited.



CHARIVARIA

UNTIL some official historian gets to work, at a respectful distance in time, there seems little chance of learning the real story behind those aqualung activities in Portsmouth Harbour. In the meantime, no attention should be given to the rumour that the whole business was engineered by America to drive a wedge between Britain and the U.S.S.R.

Productivity Drive, Latest

It is right that the public should be kept informed of the ebb and flow of industrial battle, and a recent official Press release tells of a shrewd move



against a vital problem. Briefly, the Ministry of Labour, through the Nationalized Industries, the Trades Union Congress, the British Employers' Confederation and the Joint Consultative Committee of the National Joint Advisory Council, is arranging for the British Employers' Confederation, the Trades Union Congress, the Nationalized Industries and their constituent bodies to confer with individual industries and report back, through the Joint Consultative Committee and the National Joint Advisory Council to the Minister of Labour, on the "full and efficient utilization of manpower resources."

Likely Tale

SADDLED with a municipal election and a Russian civic delegation in the same week Birmingham Corporation set up "a replica polling station" to demonstrate the democratic voting system. In spite of an official explanation that a real polling station couldn't

be used "because of regulations governing the secrecy of voting" the Soviet visitors did not disguise their winks, nudges, and sly chuckles at an old joke shared.

Come Out the Boy With the Bomb

"WHEN you pass a school and hear a woman teacher's voice rising shrilly," says an education expert, "don't blame her too much. She is probably new to the job and suffering from classroom nerves." On the other hand, she might need help.

Vote of No Confidence

IN a cold war, as in a hot, the tide of events defies prediction. Even while Mr. Malenkov is still aglow with the remembered triumphs of his head-patting tour, Bolton Trades Council have decided to transfer the balance of their wartime "Help to Russia Fund" to their "Save the Children Fund."

Maybe It's Because . . .

MISS ANNE EDWARDS, well-known commentator on the larger human issues, travelled round London to see what Miss Jean Simmons's baby was going to miss by being an American. Her finding—"That clinched it. I wouldn't have my children grow up without the English people . . ."—was finally swayed by



meeting a piece of Cockney bus-conductor wit beginning "Blimey." This is probably what swayed Miss Simmons the other way.

No Fur Flying

DESPITE Commander Peter Scott's claim that "You Can't Miss with

Animals" (*Radio Times* blurb piece) the rival entertainment factory had a flop with their daring documentary showing a cat having kittens: a specially-augmented force of telephone-operators waited in vain for the clamour of viewer reaction. Are animals in fact on the skids as performers? I.T.A. planners refuse to believe this until they have tried a sequel, showing how to drown kittens in a bucket.

Stand by to Strike Colours

THE conclusive factor in the breakdown of the Singapore talks was undoubtedly the Government's insistence on the right to employ its own methods in the event of an emergency. Mr. Marshall's reaction to this came as no surprise to anyone who was in Singapore during the last emergency.

Scraps of Paper

EVEN in these overtaxed times, a financial columnist has calculated, it is



still possible to become a millionaire. More optimistic experts feel, however, that inflation may be checked in time.

Worth Trying

THE Golden Jubilee National Conference of Labour Women has called for legislation "raising the age of criminal responsibility." This seems the best bet yet for reducing juvenile delinquency.

Hall of Fame

A POLITICAL commentator with his ear to the ground says that future Ministerial changes may fulfil a long-cherished ambition of the Premier

to appoint a Minister "to move round the world, visiting potential trouble spots." Less well-informed people, with their eye to the television screen, feel this is pretty sure to be Mr. Woodrow Wyatt.

Conscience Eased

LORRY-DRIVERS have welcomed the news that action is being urged to raise the heavy goods speed limit from 20 m.p.h. to 30 m.p.h. If this desirable



reform comes into force they will only have to drop their present speed by about 10 m.p.h. to become absolutely law-abiding.

Armed Guard for the C.O.?

NEWS from Bonn makes play with the reopening of buildings at Sonthofen to house West German army staff college students. As the place was formerly a Nazi party leadership school, and is now renamed the Beck Barracks to commemorate the General Beck martyred for joining in the 1944 Hitler bomb plot, newly-enrolling pupils hope for some clarification of symbolism in their inaugural lecture.

Gets Any Damned Spot Out

CAPTAINS of the soapless industry have suffered an uneasy twinge over that detergent foam reported mast-high in the Avon. They feel that their highly paid advertising men have missed a golden opportunity in failing to cite Lady Macbeth as a satisfied customer.

Behind the Screens

THE men of N.A.T.K.E.

Employed by I.T.A.
(A.R., i.e., not A.T.V.)

Voted to stay away.

When A.B.C., A.C.A.T.,

Enjoin a moderate view,
Won't I.T.V. R.S.V.P.

With an I.T.A.T.U.?

ANOTHER TOBACCO SCARE

The Minister of Health made a short statement after question time on the report of the Tompkins Committee.

THE statistics provided in the report (he said) throw a significant light on this problem of the possible connection between smoking and poverty. In this context, by the way, I should explain that I use the word poverty in its general relative sense implying lack of affluence. I must say at once that although the statistics indicate a very definite relationship between the use of tobacco and the incidence of poverty, it is too early at this stage to draw any conclusion from them.

If you consider the case of two individuals in the same income group, of whom one is addicted to tobacco and the other is a non-smoker, the Committee's findings show that the non-smoker, other things being equal, is consistently better off than the smoker. To take a specific instance, a man who smokes twenty cigarettes a day of what I may call the standard brands, that is to say one hundred and forty a week, actually has available for spending one pound six shillings and tenpence less than is available to the man who does not smoke at all. This effect becomes more marked in the case of those whose consumption of cigarettes is higher, and less marked in the case of those whose consumption is lower.

These figures may be modified by various considerations. The figures I

have given to the House are based on what I have called the standard brands, but it is observed that there is some variation with different qualities of cigarette. For example, if you compare two men who each smoke twenty cigarettes a day, one of the standard type and one of the smaller type, it is found that the man who smokes the cheaper brand is actually six shillings and fivepence better off at the end of the week. The Committee ascribe this to the lower price of the smaller cigarettes, but as I have said, it is too soon yet to form any definite conclusions.

One other trend shown in the report which I must frankly confess I find disturbing is this, that even when the consumption of tobacco remains constant and the amount of income is unchanged, there is a tendency for the degree of relative poverty to increase. If I may give a simple example, a man earning ten pounds a week and smoking twenty standard cigarettes a day in 1939 actually had over a pound a week more available income than a man earning the same wages and smoking the same number of cigarettes in 1956. If this tendency were to be allowed to continue unchecked, it is estimated by the Committee that absolute poverty would occur, that is to say, there would be no wages remaining after the consumption of cigarettes, in quite a short time; to be exact, in approximately one hundred and forty years. In the case of heavier smokers, absolute poverty would be arrived at even sooner.

I wish to make it plain, however, that the Government does not at the present time intend to take any action on this report other than to make public its findings. Research is still being carried on, and it may well be that later discoveries in this field will lead us to conclusions quite different from those I have given the House this afternoon.

B. A. Y.

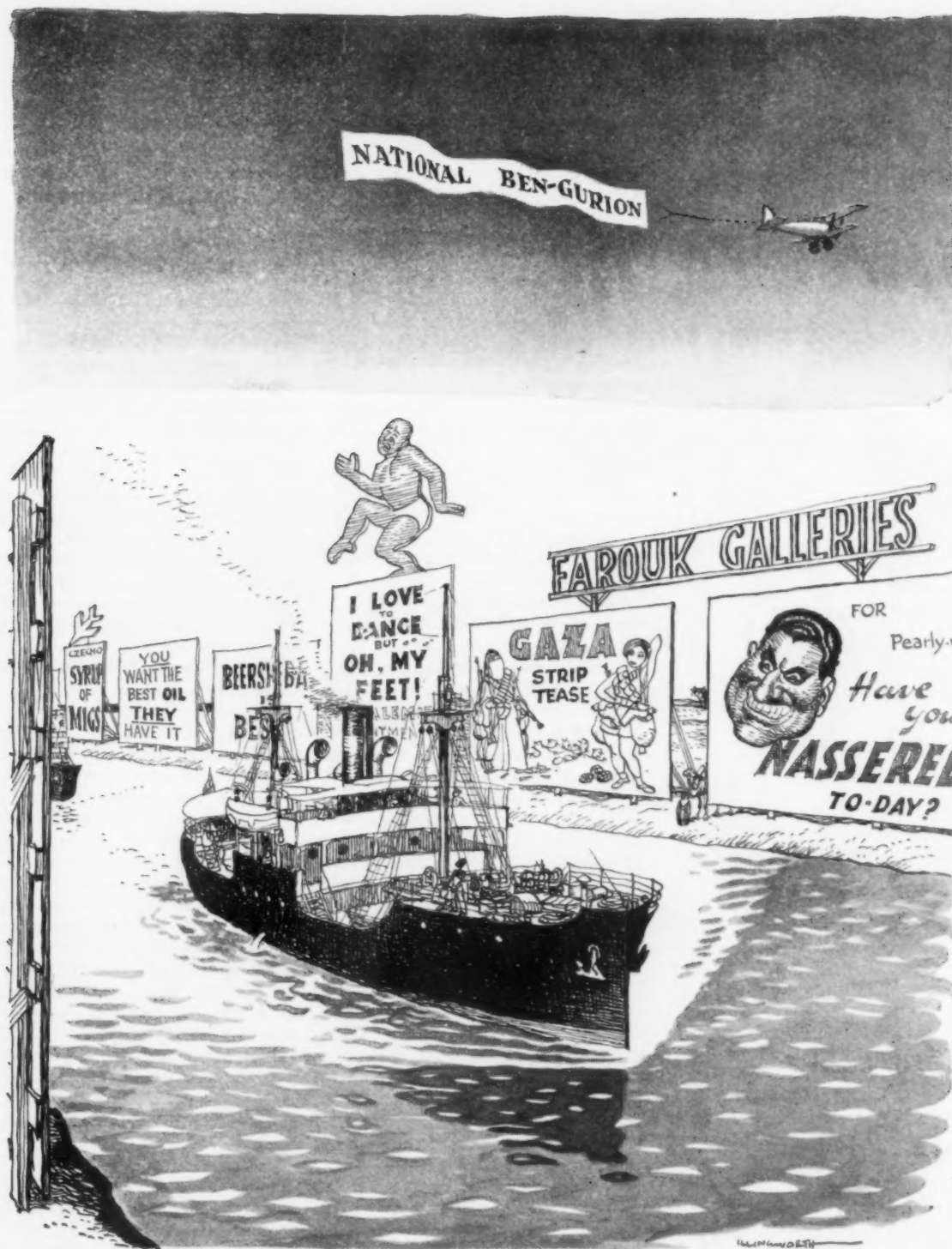


ROY DAVIS

"To sum up, in spite of independence the west has continued to regard Ceylon as a Little England ready to play cricket according to Pentagon rules."

Ceylon Morning Times

Sort of five-a-side rounders?



There is no truth in reports that the Suez Canal will soon be lined with advertising posters.

The City of Dreamless Spires

By LORD KINROSS

NEW YORK

THIS former colonial dependency of Britain resembles it, at first sight, distinctly. New York is a Dublin or a Liverpool come up in the world—up as high as the hundredth storey. From docksides reeking as though of the Mersey run shabby brick streets in the Georgian style, their windows lace-curtained, their balconies strung with laundry. "Us Irish are a great race" is scrawled on a window between Sheeny's and the Shamrock Bar. Acres of Whitechapel sprawl away downtown, looking across to a Brooklyn smug with villas, Victorian as Clapham or Battersea. Sprawling uptown, the streets of Harlem reflect the taste of Mr. Betjeman. Midtown an élite Cheyne Walk looks upon riverside lawns, from a terrace of houses in the Queen Anne style. Inland from it are a Mayfair, a Paddington, a Portland Place, where the gentry live in nostalgic seclusion, their doorsteps lit with carriage lamps, their houses, dating away back to 1870, done up in the latest Victorian fashion.

The American gentleman, dressed like an English one, sits in his leather armchair drinking House of Lords gin in a club designed apparently by Adam, but in the nineteen-twenties. Shopping, he buys "London character" shoes and a variety of old school ties—with a touch of Harrow in the Etonian blue. His lady sleeps in Lady Berkleigh pyjamas between Lady Pepperell sheets, and buys tweeds from a shop with the Queen Mother, photographed life-size, in the window.

They eat in restaurants adorned with hunting horns and heraldic escutcheons and coach-wheels; stay in hotels like the Dorset, the Warwick, the Devon; telephone to each other on the Regent, the Trafalgar, the Whitehall exchanges; work in offices furnished with sporting prints and busts and grandfather clocks. Straphanging in the dear dirty old subway they read that "Winston tastes good, like a cigarette should" and are lured to buy "the original English muffins." Taking the air in the Park, they may hire a horse-cab with a top-hatted cabbie for only twice the price of a taxi.

But abruptly there looms the inverted abyss, the slippery upward slope. All Englishness is illusion. The skyscrapers hit it, stride right in amidst it, career far up above it, a skyline of mammoth church towers, filled with men. New York is the city of Dreamless Spires.

Above the ground at fourteen hundred feet per minute, underneath it in a warren of cooled and heated catacombs where a whole day may be spent in subterranean shops and cafés and cinemas, New Yorkers have evolved their own way of life, independently of their former oppressors. It has its own sort of magic, a folklore of numbers, revealed to the uninitiated in the incantations of priestess-guides: the hundred million dollars the skyscraper cost, the three-hundred-and-sixty-five million tons it weighs, its thirteen thousand telephones spanning the "known world," the fifteen million people who visit it annually. Its roof gardens are four times the size of the hanging gardens of Babylon. At its summit the snow falls upwards, not downwards, and the rain is sometimes red.

Surface life, below the towers and above the catacombs, reveals, at second sight, phenomena distinctly unEnglish: a black nun with a begging-bowl seated on Broadway; mammoth lips on a hoarding puffing out real cigarette smoke; a slot machine shouting at passers-by; orchids on sale for half a crown at a street corner. In a neighbouring street a bandaged racehorse, with a negro groom, labelled Kentucky Club, stands by the door of a Chinese Rathskeller. A bus full of motor cars drives past it. On the pavement a Salvation Army officer stands, skilled in the workings of electronics, changing hymn records on a long-playing gramophone. In restaurants Gentlemen and Ladies are Guys and Dolls, in an Italian one Romeos and Juliets. Oysters are too large to be swallowed in a mouthful, severable only by a surgical operation. Balloons in the Zoo are inflated from cylinders like jet rockets. Bootblacks complain of the difficulties of car-parking. There is an air-conditioned gaol in the Bronx.

As the years have gone by this race has developed on different lines from





its masters. Here is an earnest, industrious people, wedded to work on the one hand, good works on the other; an orderly people, scrupulously queuing to obey the lights, green for WALK, red for DON'T WALK, at the street corners; a sober people, drinking water with its meals, diluting its whisky with icebergs, forbidding bars in theatres and smoking in shops, indulging only in vodka (scentless to the business man's breath) before luncheon; a polite people, with formal manners and old-world phrases of welcome; an emotional people, for ever falling in love and getting romantic about weddings and finding this and that Wonderful; a culture-loving people, going to museums (say the magic figures) only fifty times less than to cinemas, spending as much on orchestral music as on baseball, thronging the art galleries, eating in them, copying faithfully the cubes and the noughts and the

crosses of the abstract painters; a God-fearing people, praying in a Riverside Church twenty-two storeys high (and no men in them), still building the largest cathedral in the world, revering St. Patrick's Cathedral—and the lace-curtains of its Presbytery—almost as much as the neighbouring Rockefeller Centre, though it weighs less and took thirty-six years to build.

Even the skyscrapers, after all, display a laudably Conservative trend, emerging upwards above the functional line in Gothic pinnacles worthy of Westminster, classical porticoes worthy of Rome, cupolas worthy of Byzantium. Here, sky-high, is a profusion of swags and gargoyles, castellated ramparts, columns and obelisks, Renaissance palaces, Jacobean mansions, Doric temples and oriental shrines.

But day by day New York grows more progressive. The roar of a post-

war boom, reminiscent and twentyish, resounds through the avenues and up to the skyline: the music of the bulldozer and the drill and the crane and the blow-lamp. HOUSE WRECKERS, BORING INC., JOSEPH P. BLITZ (*sic*) hire armies of demons, in yellow and silver crash-helmets, to manipulate them, to destroy the remnants of Dublin and Liverpool and the old-world skyscrapers too, to pile up new shining towers of aluminium and glass and bronze. BUILDING NOT COMING DOWN, in a shop window, is news. Soon all New York will be truly American. And nostalgia alone will remain.

Clear Now?

"... An individual's remuneration should not be what he actually has or had but what he might have had if he had done (or could have done) other than he did."

*Report of the Royal Commission
on the Civil Service*

A Word in Your Ear

By EVOE

I KNEW a curate long ago who never said greens or vegetables but called them leguminous plants, and referred to his bike or bicycle as a velocipede, and well he might, for it had one very large wheel and one very small one, and many a time he tumbled over the handlebars.

Lounges had not wasted their way across the waters in those days, but if they had he would have described them as assembly rooms. Jam I feel certain was *confiture*, and if there had been any automobiles he would have dubbed them motor-wains. One can see that he was a fellow of infinite jest. But he was also a fellow of infinite piety and could never, even if he had known the word, have spoken about a serviette. For the man in the parable, he would have remarked, did not wrap his talent up in a serviette, and no translator of the New

Testament has dared to make him do so. I am inclined to think that this version still holds good, and though the talent-burier, like Antonio in *The Merchant of Venice* and Mr. Harold Macmillan, had his own views about usance or usury, his napery remains unassailed.

But I must not be diverted by current events from the history of my curate. Tall and pale he was, and bearded, and very solemn in appearance, and he spoke very slowly, so that his locutions appeared the more remarkable and provocative of childish mirth.

But the thing that I remember about him best is that he always left out the "h" in humble, and if I dream back into the past even now I can see him and hear him saying "He that shall 'umble himself shall be exalted." We always wondered why he did this, for he was

not a man who had any native trouble about his aspirates, but we never dared to inquire.

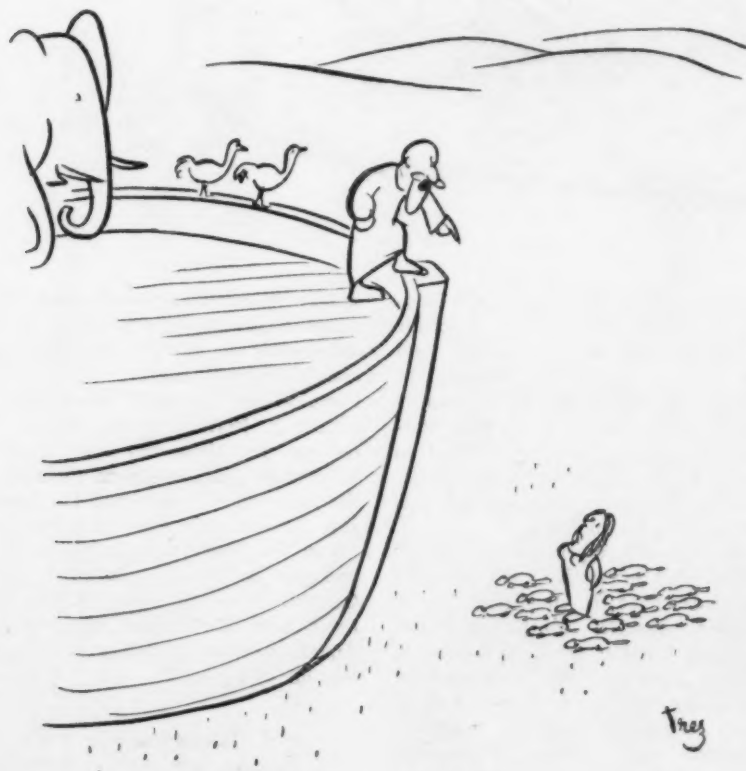
One would have supposed that so many years after the appearance of Uriah Heep the more usual pronunciation would have established itself both within and without the Anglican Church service, but there must have been some tradition behind the eccentricity. In later years I have wondered whether the word had ever been confused with the umbles or inner parts of a deer, which I think have a different derivation but are certainly to be found in umble pie, a far more common dish among our remote ancestors than roast beef could ever have been. If, on the other hand, it was borrowed from the French (and how very long ago?), who put the "h" back again and why?

None of all this would have been mentioned had I not, looking through the dictionary in search of something quite different, suddenly seen, standing out as it were in letters of gold beneath the entry Humble, "The pron. without initial aspirate is still heard."

Heard by whom? let me 'umbly inquire—and when and where? Come forward, philologists, and explain. I have heard "'ospital" from elderly ladies of high birth, but never "'umble" from the lips of any educated person save my curate alone, unless it was spoken in derision, or by one of those rare and delightful scholars who have mastered everything on earth but the peculiarities of cockney speech.

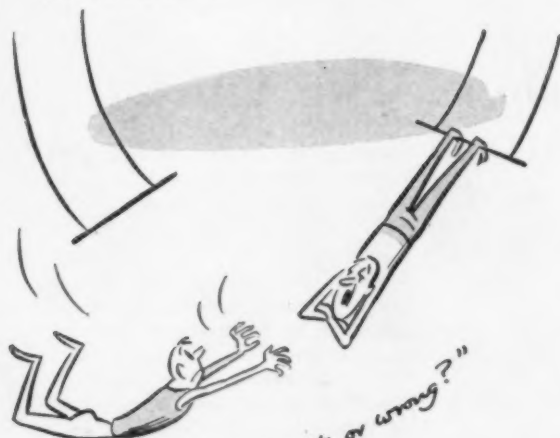
Perhaps not always scholars. The late Mr. J. H. Thomas was reputed to be very careful about his aitches when he spoke to the Labour Party, but always to misplace them when he spoke to a duke.

I have thought deeply about the problem and reached an important conclusion. Let us restore 'umble. It fits the emotion. It satisfies (I speak in all umility), the rare but admirable mood. And if not many people can be found who are willing to accept the alteration, let there be started a small but select (and extremely proud) society to be known as the Umble Club, and let me be a nonorary member. There seem to be possibilities in finding the best colours for a numble tie.



"... No, two minks only!"

RUSSIAN STATE CIRCUS



"Now. Was Lysenko right or wrong?"



"Been a Party man for years..."



"We go beyond Pavlov. Instead of ringing a bell, we actually give them sugar..."



"Remember, we all take a bow together..."

"Stakhanovite!"



"Ever since Peter Brook, I've dying to play Hamlet..."

DAVID SANDON

Inside Scotland

Tall Tale of Two Cities

By MARSHALL PUGH

ON one side of Scotland, the tourist is led to believe, there is a disturbingly beautiful capital, quick with history and culture; known as Edinburgh or the Athens of the north. Forty miles to the west is a cheerful monster of a city, centrally held by jovial drunks, its suburbs occupied by dour money-making lower middle brows with bowler hats and raincoats. This is Glasgow or the Crucible of the Scottish Race.

For maximum enjoyment of our greatest cities the visitor should try to accept that story in full and plan his journey accordingly.

No useful purpose will be served in visiting Edinburgh at the wrong time of year. On a chilly day the quick walker is inclined to find that the beauty of Edinburgh lies three streets deep and that even the Castle can look dreich when the Department of Lighting and Cleansing is economizing on the use of floodlights. The finicky tourist might note that Princes Street, described in local brochures as "a natural suntrap" and as "the shop window of Scotland," can be inclement, despite the shelter offered by the doorways of the big stores.

No true romantic would want to find out for himself that the kilt comes out only in August and September, like the heather, or that Edinburgh's off-peak attendance upon music and drama is very poor. The people who enjoy that sort of information, the scoffers who say that the basic industries of Edinburgh are all involved in preparing for the Edinburgh Festival, having the

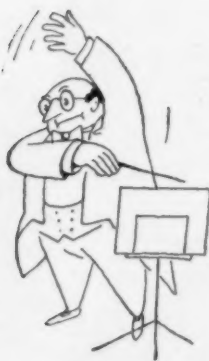
Edinburgh Festival and winding down from the Edinburgh Festival, would be unhappy wherever they went.

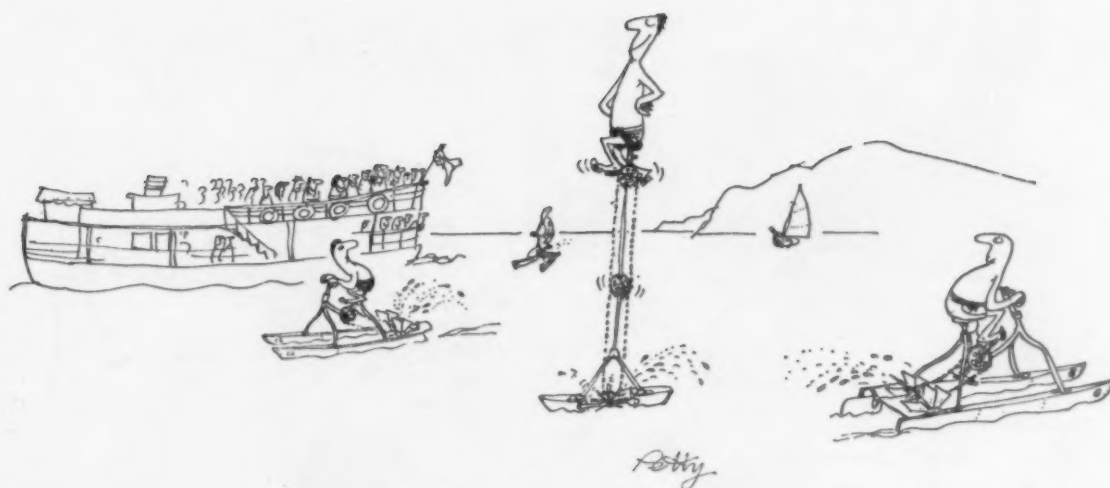
In winter-time Edinburgh must be about its stint of governing, its printing, brewing, soap-making and so on. During my years at the shallow end of Edinburgh I only once came upon a bit of the Festival out of season. One evening the culture-hungry citizens of Edinburgh packed a hall the size of the old Watergate to see Molière's *L'École des Femmes* translated into the idiom and mood of seventeenth-century Scotland as *Let Wives Tak Tent*, by Robert Kemp. The audience was enraptured and the headline in a Scottish national newspaper in the morning was "Molière+Kemp Is a Success."

For the most part, Edinburgh is inclined to preserve its enthusiasm for the proper time of year. During the Festival the visitor will be quickly reassured that the Scottish Renaissance is the most self-conscious revival of its kind in recent years. From nowhere, bearded, deep-voiced Scots appear and set up as resident intellectuals in the Festival Club to display their encyclopaedic knowledge of the arts.

Old enmities are shelved and the keenest patriots do not talk of Edinburgh's quisling record or even mention that Stirling is to be our capital when the time of self-determination comes. In return, locals oblige by complaining to the visitors that even the one o'clock signal on Calton Hill is controlled directly from Greenwich.

No one who has ever watched Edinburgh dance to the heady music of the





till will ever again believe that Edinburgh people are cold, discourteous and unfriendly. The artistic inclinations of Edinburgh's four and a half thousand landladies are so great that all seem to have been born with tuning forks in their mouths. The billeting officer is polite even when he deals with such queries as this:

DEAR SIR,—Can you find me accommodation near Edinburgh Castle? I want to exercise my dog.

Generally the transformation of Edinburgh is almost too great to be believed. The Clan Information Room and the Scottish Ancestry Research Council are hard at work. Shop windows normally given over to umbrellas and striped shirts display the tartan and the daggers, the tramcars bear the flags of many nations, the Royal Mile wraps its slums and breweries in flags and bunting.

Even Leith and Gorgie do their best. I remember calling unexpectedly on Mr. Claud Worth, the Manchester-born manager of a Leith theatre. He said "If I'd known you were coming I'd have put my kilt on. But I want you to know this. Maybe we're not in the official programme but ours is a Festival show, just like the ballet, opera and all the other high jinks. Here, I'll show you." He looked at his tenor, with pride in his eyes. "Let him hear 'Grannie's Hielan' Hame,'" he said.

In the same way, to derive full enjoyment from Glasgow the visitor should arrive at the right time and in a receptive mood. Between nine and ten on a Saturday night he should arrange to be in Sauchiehall Street, known for

its superb inebriation ever since a Dundee comedian named Will Fyffe sang "Glasgow Belongs To Me." The dance halls are drumming, the cinemas choked, doormen trained to spot a hip flask at fifteen paces, tramcar conductors yelling to their merry customers "Come on, you. Get off."

Entering into the spirit of the thing, the visitor will not notice that there is only one public house the length of Sauchiehall Street or that it closes at an hour when London is beginning to warm up. If he avoids Sauchiehall Street on week-nights he will never understand why it has been locally described as a peat bog with traffic lights.

He need not burden himself with the thought that Glasgow Corporation will not allow licensed premises on its property or that the result of that, now that the Corporation are the great landlords, is that tens of thousands of Glaswegians while away their Saturday nights in areas of total prohibition.

There are many bars of course, almost door to door in the poorer areas. But any move to redistribute licences, to provide pleasant pubs with chairs and space and dominoes, would be rightly regarded as an attempt to change the character of the city, to grant the Glasgow drinker an unnecessary amnesty and to encourage drinking among the womenfolk. No one could accuse the Glasgow licensing authorities of hypocrisy, intolerance or the fear of temperate opinion.

In Sauchiehall Street on a Saturday night the receptive visitor will soon

discover that Glasgow's claim to be the Crucible of the Scottish Race cannot be safely contradicted.

He will find that the Glaswegian is fascinated by talk of work. The lust for work is so compelling that it is made the subject of sermons. From a Glasgow pulpit the Reverend Iain MacDougall has thundered "Employers argue that Sunday work is essential in order to step up production and meet orders, that the economic survival of the nation demands it. At first sight this may seem an impressive plea. But can you imagine an Amos or Hosea being silenced by it?"

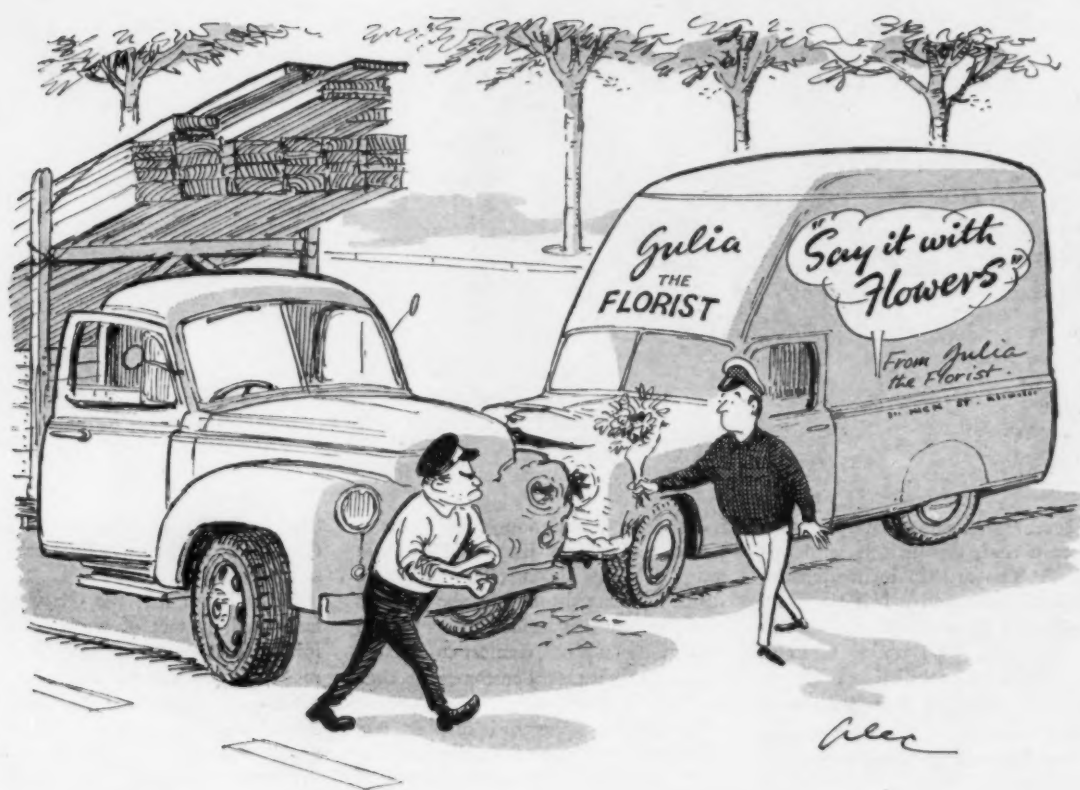
Interest in work is an entirely Lowland characteristic. At the same time it should be remembered that there are more Highlanders in Glasgow than in the seven crofting counties. On Saturday night in Sauchiehall Street it is widely held that local Jewish businessmen have a stranglehold on trade, while Irishmen ruin the labour market. This shows that the Glaswegian has a Highland imagination.

2 2

No Escape

"Wearing a pale pink lace gown with a head-dress of pale pink and blue flowers, and carrying a bouquet of pink carnations, Miss S— M— of Old Smokedown, Faringdon, was married at the Church of the Holy Ascension, Littleworth, to Mr. G— R—. The bridegroom is a member of the Soviet leaders Khrushchev and Buckland Rifle Club. Given away by her employer . . ."

The Wiltshire Herald and Advertiser



Half-way House

By ANTHONY CARSON

I AM frequently abroad and have no fixed abode in London. Suddenly I arrive from Italy, Spain or Morocco, crawl out of the boat train at Victoria, trap a taxi and look for a room. One day, back from Tangier, after a grim crossing from Dieppe, the taxi-driver took me to Bedlington Street. I got out of the taxi and saw a vaguely fashionable street in need of painting and dusting, and rang at the door-bell. In the distance I heard a sound like a lion roaring. "Yes, sir, it is a lion roaring," said the taxi-driver, leaning out of his cab. "You're near the Zoo. Just a few minutes' walk. Handy." The door opened and out stepped a fierce elderly man, quite bald. A strong smell of animals crept out of the house, and absurdly, half-way between countries, I thought of the lion, but was reassured by the falsetto barking of dogs. "What do you want?" asked the fierce man, approaching me with an odd sort of stiffness. It was

obvious he had a wooden leg. "A room," I replied. "Very well," he said reluctantly, "but no funny business. They treat this place like a brothel." I paid the taxi-driver and was shown to an amazing room crammed with art-nouveau furniture, poufs, terrifying vases, toby jugs, pictures of women by wells, and an enormous bed, vaguely sinister. "Breakfast is from nine o'clock to ten," said my landlord, who told me his name was Moses. "If you're lively," he added rather sourly. "Lively?" I repeated. "My old woman's daft," he said. With these words he left the room.

I sat on the bed and tried to collect my thoughts. The animal smell was very pronounced in this room, and I was not surprised to see a mouse gimcrack across the floor. It was not an ideal room, I thought, for writing stories in, but I had to admit that I had written in far less pleasant places full of cockroaches, scorpions and lice. I

undressed and got into the huge leary bed. The sheets smelt slightly of gin, and with this flavour I turned off the light from under a beaded lampshade, and approached sleep. Suddenly there was a kind of bump and I could hear the door opening. "What is it?" I shouted from the edge of nightmare land. There was no answer, but I could feel a presence there. I fumbled with the fringed lampshade and turned on the light, sitting up. Standing in the doorway was a completely black man staring not in my direction but straight at one of the pictures of women by wells. "What is it?" I asked in a sick voice. "I am looking for the bathroom," he said in a beautifully modulated, slightly Eastern voice. He had obviously been to Oxford. "This is no bathroom," I said. "Could you tell me where it is?" he asked, still staring at the same boring picture. "I don't know. I've just arrived," I said. "That's interesting," he said in his

melodious voice. "From where?" "From Morocco," I said. "Morocco must be an interesting place. All the world, properly viewed, is interesting. Thank you for the chat." "Thank you too," I said. The black man carefully shut the door and five minutes later I heard a terrible explosion somewhere in the back of the house. This was followed by shouts, and I could distinguish the voice of Mr. Moses screaming. "You're a daft old woman. Daft. Completely daft."

The next morning I went downstairs to the living-room which was in the basement. There were about eight dogs there and the sort of people who have suddenly turned up in London from Africa, or Malta, all agog to see Piccadilly Circus. Mr. Moses handed me corn-flakes, a pot of tea and a boiled egg. I told him about the man who had entered my room, and the explosion. "It's one of the blind men," said Mr. Moses testily. "There're half a dozen or so in the house. The old woman's daft. As if I hadn't enough to do without taking them to the Tube. He blew up the bath." After breakfast was over I met Mrs. Moses. She was a small, gentle-looking woman wearing a hat like a tea-cosy, and all the time she was talking to me she was fumbling over enormous piles of keys which lay on the kitchen dresser and hung from hooks. "They don't all fit the doors," she explained to me in a soft, slightly mocking voice. "I hope I can find you one for your room and one for the front door." She gave me about ten keys, but none of them fitted. "My husband moves them about," she explained. "I hope you don't touch the liquor," said Mrs. Moses to me; "you look as if you did."

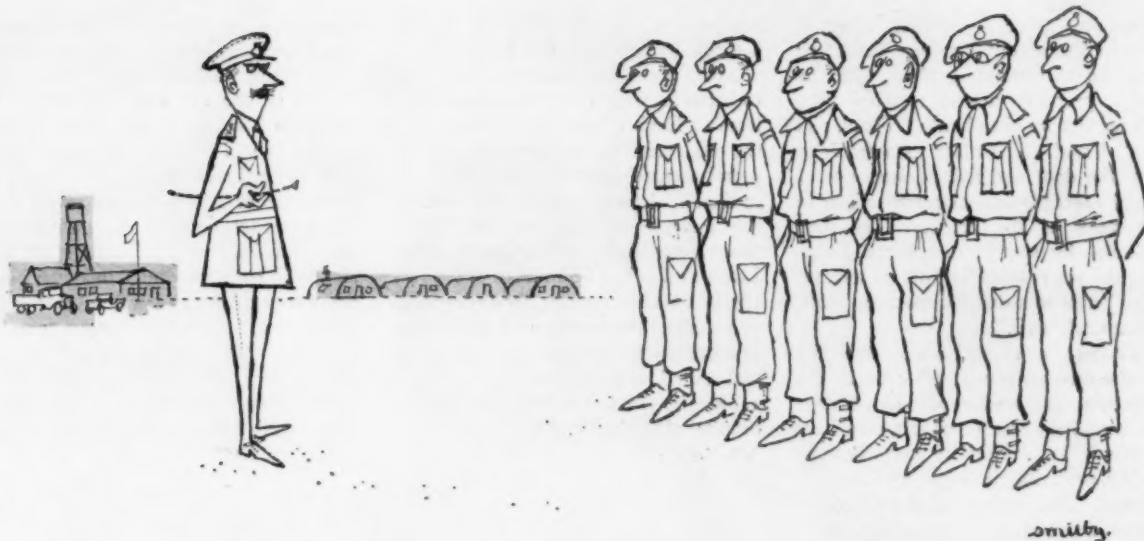
The price of accommodation was extremely high, particularly since I gave up going down to the basement for breakfast, and the bathroom geyser was nearly always out of order. Then, since I was being moved from room to room, there was always the same ritual with the mountains of keys in the kitchen. But at best the house was centrally situated, and I could walk to my favourite pub in a quarter of an hour. There seemed no point in looking for other accommodation, because I am always on the point of jumping into a taxi and going to Victoria Station to catch the boat-train to Olympus. This is in fact

what I did after about six weeks, and actually arrived in Naples.

About three months later I returned to Victoria Station and the pale Nordic taste of English cigarettes. There was the old, cold reality of the rain, and the petrol-scented dreams which still hung in the air. I found a taxi, tried to resist the impulse to drive to Bedlington Street, but failed. "Bedlington Street," I said, and pulled up in front of the row of shabby-smart houses like fashionable aunts who have given up. I rang at the doorbell and waited, and then rang again and waited, and at the back of my mind I thought the lion would roar, but it didn't. At last the door opened, and

there was Mr. Moses, looking ill and paper-white and fierce as a ferret. "You're like all of them," he said. "None of you can wait." "But I've just come Naples," I said. "Don't you remember me?" "They all come from somewhere," said Mr. Moses. "Can I have a room?" "You'll have to ask the old woman," he said, "even though she's off her rocker." He stumped along the corridor, and I followed him down into the fuggy barking basement. "Why, yes, I can let you have a room," said Mrs. Moses with a gentle smile, rummaging in her till of keys. "Number seven. Here is the key. Have you been drinking?" "Yes. I drank quite a bit





"... And remember, men—every soldier has a Field-Marshal's best-seller in his knapsack."

on the boat-train to keep out the cold."
"You'd better go straight to bed."

I was tired and a trifle tight and there was a thin ribbon of sea-sickness in my eyes. I opened the door of the room, put down my suitcases without turning on the light and sat down on the bed. Almost immediately I realized I was not alone. "I'm sorry," I said in Italian, dragged out my suitcases and stumbled down the stairs to the basement. "Mrs. Moses," I cried, "there's someone in that bed." "There can't be," she said softly, looking at me with her tiny glint of mockery. "Now then, Mr. Carson, you *have* been drinking." "There *is* someone in that bed," I said. "There can't be," she said. "It was vacated this morning. A gentleman from some island or other near China." "India, you idiot," shouted Mr. Moses from somewhere or other. "I'll come up and see," he continued, and we went up to the room. Mr. Moses knocked on the door, opened it and switched on the light. He was in the room quite a time, and then he came out and jog-trotted down the stairs to the top of the basement. "You daft old woman," he shouted. "He never left at all. He's dead." There was a pause, and I could hear thousands of keys dropping. "And it was near India," he yelled.

Leave me my Illusions

"Young, unwealthy, non-riotous-living American attorney and wife (no children) need Furnished Flat."—The Times

ADVERTISER, hundred per cent American male,
Big voice, gum-chewer, uses appellative Hi,
Top executive, full hustle and drive,
Crap-, poker-player, folly girl on tie,

Interests oil, lumber, canned goods,
Keen on acquiring culture two-weeks trip.
Clothing custom-built and cobalt-blue,
Car chromium and half as long as ship.

Momma-dominated, ulcers, Buffalo, bald,
Blonde secretary, wife, bridge-player, grey,
Teen-age daughter (promiscuous), junior (spoilt)
Arriving London, Pan-American, May.

Anxious to meet Englishman old school,
Preferably eye-glass, aristocratic air.
Tweeds perfect but slightly frayed at edge,
Wife dog-lover, face like thoroughbred mare.

Ex-Imperialist, unreliable, smooth,
Educated, almost bankrupt, butler kept.
Good designer but quite unable produce.
House no plumbing, but Queen Elizabeth slept:

Anxious, almost desperate. Please contact
Jo D. Sanger as soon as he gets to ground.
Nothing less than a life's illusions at stake—
Surely there's one of each of us still around?

P. M. HUBBARD

Moaning of the Bar

By GEOFFREY LINCOLN

ABOUT this time of year the Inns of Court hold their Call Night. Those students who have bought and learned useful books called *Potted Offences Against the Person* or *Digest of Digested Contracts* and reproduced them to the satisfaction of the examiners get given a glass of port, a short homily on how not to be too ghastly as barristers, and they're in, launched on a glittering career that leads to the Woolsack, the chairmanship of a television quiz, or a rather underpaid post as legal adviser to a firm of hat makers in Luton. After dinner the Benchers, Q.C.s and Judges descend from their high table affably to slap the backs of the young men starting out on this glamorous path. The other day they paused, apparently perplexed, their hands suspended in mid-air. Precious few backs presented themselves to be slapped. Can it be, they wondered with a pricking of the scalp, that the legal profession is dying out?

The *Sunday Times*, ever on the ball, has got to the heart of the matter. "Unexplained Slump" its headline trumpeted in its own sensational way, "in the Law." "Minor depression," it went on, giving the matter its full news value, "in England's premier profession." More quietly but no less alarmingly the news comes from other quarters bearing this out. It tells of County Court judges sneaking home from empty courts at eleven o'clock in the morning. Assizes kick off gaily with expensive gloves for the Judge, bouquets, spearmen, sheriffs' lunches and all the rest of it, but, the gaols being open, the county has forgotten to provide the prisoners. Crime is falling off, divorce isn't what it was, even coroners, it is said, are badly hit by an unaccountable lack of corpses. The Chancery Division, once quietly humming with leisurely and remunerative litigation, has now ground heavily to a standstill: local corporations are even forgetting to poison the fish in the River Dee.

Whatever may be the explanation the *Sunday Times* notices an even more distressing symptom. Solicitors find, it seems, that former clients have suddenly become non-litigious and there are no new ones to take their place. An awful prospect is presented of a younger,

unlitigious generation growing to a quiet maturity, padding home to contented wives, running no one down, paying their debts, moving house obediently when their landlords give them notice to quit. Gone, apparently, is the desire to commit the smallest nuisance, they forget to be negligent and even keep their promises to marry. The rich, full lives of their fathers, coloured with bigamy and bankruptcy, salted with libel and slander, are apparently not for them. Only a few years now and Englishmen will have forgotten what it even feels like to issue a writ, the abolition of hanging will have finally removed any incentive to murder, and the *News of the World* will be driven to fill its pages with knitting patterns and to serialize the novels of Miss Angela Thirkell.

In this unwelcome situation barristers, like actresses, find themselves "resting," and like actresses don't like to disclose exactly how restful their lives have become. Peskett and Fender-Jones walk in the Temple Gardens, one young, bowler-hatted, remembering that his wife has asked four people to dinner, the other, his grey hair blowing in the wind, thinking of three lots of school fees.

"Busy?"

"Well, not just at the moment. I had a nice Breach starting to-morrow."

"What happened?"

"The deceitful swine's gone and married the girl."

"The wife in my case went back to her husband; my clerk broke it to me yesterday."

"These people have absolutely no consideration for others."

"Yes, things are pretty quiet really."

"There's Jack Spot. He does his best."

"Yes, but who's going to take his place?—that's what I want to know. Who are the new men?"

"What's gone wrong with British Railways?—haven't had a fatal accident claim for months."

"No one does a thing to help us. Look what the *Sunday Times* says: Legal Aid in the County Courts. Just a big frost apparently. No cases."

"There's always the Royal Commission. At least it hasn't transferred Divorce to the Post Office."

"We might even get a few cases of artificial insemination without the husband's consent."

"You think it might happen frequently?"

"Can't really see why it should."

"Pretty unlikely, I agree."

Utterly discouraged they turn and walk moodily towards their chambers, there to fill in a football coupon or think about buying a premium bond. Let's hope that a small brief will be waiting for them on their mantelpieces. Surely, if the public has a conscience, it will. If not there will have to be more desperate measures—a Sunday evening appeal on the wireless on behalf of the Bar Council calling on people to give generously and break at least one small contract a week—come now, couldn't you manage a very petty crime? Nothing sensational, of course, but something like drunk in charge?



The New Mayhew—



—An Encyclopædia Seller



HIS account was obtained from a gaunt man of thirty-one or thirty-two, who represented himself as an ex-officer, although I was at a loss to understand how that was possible. He was as tidy as his straitened circumstances would allow, and betrayed no hesitation in answering my questions. By his dress, which was without ostentation and tolerably well kept, one might judge him a merchant's clerk in a fair way of business. His shoes, although not of the first quality and past their best days, were scrupulously polished. He affected a hat of the "Homburg" type, which upon close scrutiny proved to be disfigured in several places by oily smears. His suit was of dark blue, and bore upon one elbow a small patch, which he was at some pains to conceal. His most frequent expression was compounded of deference and cunning. He appeared of average intelligence, or a little below. He took some pride in the fact that one of his uncles had been a Member of Parliament, and insisted that he had attended a public school (unnamed). His portrait is here given.

"This selling of encyclopædias is a wretched life, I'll grant you, sir; but for the past ten months I've known no other, and have come at last to the belief that while it is neither remunerative nor relaxing, it is at any rate clean. Then there is a pleasure in the handling of books, and one encounters a better class of people than at the 'dogs,' where I sometimes take evening employment. Why, as to the manner of my entering the trade, it was due to my falling a prey to temptation; for I was bemused by advertisements promising (as I thought) as much as a thousand pounds a year to any who should prove sufficiently nimble and industrious. But, alas for my expectations, I find it hard enough to make a pound or two a week. Take it one week with another, over the year, I would say sixty shillings a week. But it fluctuates so, according to luck, or the weather, that I cannot say for

certain. If it were not for the fact that I live with my widowed mother, who has a haberdashery shop in — Street, things would be bleak indeed.

"No, sir, I take no settled salary, but only a percentage of the value of the books I sell; and they are so costly (although well worth the money spent, as I shall prove if you can but spare the time) that you may work for a month without results, aye, and more. Oh, you may get a *promise* any day of the week, for gentlemen will affect to be so wearied by your persistent recommendation (we call it 'patter') that they will half agree to buy, another day; yet when that day arrives they will deny all and turn you from their house.

"Why, the way of my patter is this. Here's how I begin, with such variation as may suit the circumstances:

"I observe, sir, that you are a man of intellect, and bound to make your mark in the world. Also you have children, anxious to fit themselves for some meritorious profession or scholarly pursuit. No doubt it has occurred to you to wish you had at hand some useful compendium of knowledge, so that no problem shall ever defeat you, and all the wisdom and learning ever thought of be yours for the asking . . .

I strive, as you see, to make my approach at once polished and persuasive. If I get thus far, and the door is not closed in my face, I next enter the house and demonstrate my paraphernalia, which is extensive, and always gains admiration, if nothing more. For I have costly specimens of the publication, with examples of the beauty of its workmanship, and of the marvellous scope of its information. But I may talk for an hour or upwards, and seem to impress the gentleman; yet he will in the end plead poverty, or that fate may not long permit him to continue the payments, or lack of shelf-space, or I know not what. I tell you, sir, I have more than once stood in the rain, in some unfriendly locality, and prayed half-aloud at a street corner for some lover of learning to take pity on me at my next attempt; yet all in vain. I wonder sometimes what may befall me in the end, for my chest is weak.

"Oh, I have tried clerking, but in

these days a man does not care to be tied to a humdrum occupation for a lifetime. There is easier money to be made, if one can but find the way. You have only to look about you in this parlour where we sit, at these plump, well-fed rascals taking whisky-and-water. Here a book-maker, there a 'public-relations' officer; over here a property speculator, behind him a moving-picture player. No, I envy no man [This I doubted], but am set upon finding in the end some niche where there are fat pickings for the minimum of labour: and so is every second man in London."

He had heard of emigration, but thought little of it. Among other occupations he had followed (none for a longer period than six months) were clerk, seller of patent suction cleaning instruments, pot-boy, theatre attendant, and mechanic (he had had training as an engineer, but preferred clean work). His mother made an average profit of seven pounds a week, but her health was now failing. The rent of the shop and apartment was fifty-five shillings. They had no savings. He enjoyed the company of women, drank a little beer on Saturdays, and hoped to visit Paris. He had himself no wish to own an encyclopædia.

In general he seemed sullen and listless. I gained the impression that he would find it difficult to discipline himself to any regular employment, by reason of his feeling that somewhere, one day, he would find the comfortable "niche" he spoke of. The origin and cause of that feeling (which is by no means uncommon) I am at a loss to account for; yet I believe it must be traced before help can be rendered to such unfortunates.

ALEX ATKINSON

3 3

"I leave to last the complaint I heard on all sides when the attractions of a Continental holiday were discussed. It was put like this by one of the most experienced holiday hotel keepers in Britain . . . 'It's almost futile to ask what we are doing to combat the challenge from abroad while our present archaic licensing laws remain,' he said. 'Take wine and music away from most Continental resorts and, apart from the sun, what have you left? . . .'

News of the World

Most British resorts.

The Wodehouse-Shakespeare Controversy: Latest

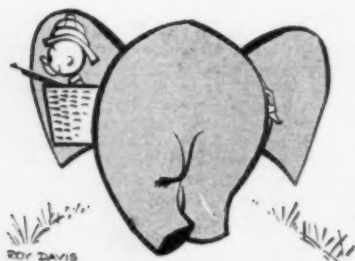
I WONDER if anyone remembers an article I wrote in the March 21 issue of this journal. Throw your minds back. You have thrown? Good. Then you will recall that in it I took up the question of whether—as stated by a woman in Chicago—I was a better writer than Shakespeare or—according to another school of thought—not so good, and I had supposed that the last word on the matter had been said. But I was mistaken. A letter has been forwarded to me—addressed to the editor and signed “Indignant”—which begins:

SIR,—I was completely confounded to read in this week's edition of *Punch* the article comparing P. G. Wodehouse to Shakespeare. As an authority on the latter I can definitely state he was the greatest genius of his time, to be compared only with Riley, Drake and Nelson.

These names convey very little to me. Drake, I suppose, is Alfred Drake, the actor who made such a hit recently in *Kismet* and was the original Curly in *Oklahoma!*, but who is Nelson? Does he mean Harold Nicolson? As for Riley, we know that his was a happy and prosperous career—we still speak of living the life of Riley—but I never heard of him as a writer. Can “Indignant” have got mixed up and be referring to the popular hotel proprietor O'Reilly, of whom Shakespeare wrote (*Henry the Seventh*, Part Two, Act One, Scene Three):

*Are you the O'Reilly
Who keeps the hotel?
Are you the O'Reilly
They speak of so well?
Are you the O'Reilly
They speak of so highly?
Gawblimey, O'Reilly,
You are looking well.*

But I never heard of him writing



By P. G. WODEHOUSE

anything, either. Evidently some mistake somewhere.

The letter continues:

I have followed the arts for some time now and can definitely state that even the works of Joshua Reynolds was not up to Shakespeare's standard.

He has stymied me again. I recall a tribute paid—I suppose—to Joshua Reynolds in a music-hall ballad sung by Miss Clarice Mayne, the refrain of which began:

*Joshua, Joshua,
Sweeter than lemon squash you are*

and gather from that that he must be an attractive sort of fellow with lots of oomph and sex appeal, but I can't place him. There is a baseball player named Reynolds who pitches for the New York Yankees, but his name is Allie, so it is probably not the same man. I shall be glad to hear more of this Joshua Reynolds, if some correspondent will fill in the blanks for me.

Up to this point in his letter “Indignant,” it will be seen, has confined himself to the decencies of debate and it has been a pleasure to read him. But now he descends to personalities and what can only be called cracks. He says:

It is not my disposition to give predictions on this dispute, but let's see how Wodehouse compares with the great bard in 2356.

Now that, “Indignant,” is simply nasty. You are just trying to hurt my feelings. You know perfectly well that I have no means of proving that in the year 2356 my works will be on every shelf. But they will, of course. Not in the stiff covers at 12/6, perhaps, but surely in the paper-backed edition. Don't tell me those 2356 boys aren't going to be able to spot a good thing when they see one. I think better of Posterity than that. Dash it, I mean to say, I don't want to stick on dog and slip in a plug for myself, but if my stuff isn't pretty good, would Matthew Arnold have written that thing he wrote about me, which begins:

Others abide our question. Thou art free.

We ask and ask: Thou smilest and art still,

Out-topping knowledge . . .

When a level-headed man like Matthew Arnold lets himself go like that it means something.

I suppose the fundamental difference between Shakespeare and myself is one of treatment. Take the familiar farcical situation of the man who doesn't know that something unpleasant is standing behind him. Here is how Shakespeare handles it (*The Winter's Tale*, Act Three, Scene Three):

. . . Farewell!

The day frowns more and more: thou art like to have

A lullaby too rough. I never saw

The heavens so dim by day. A savage clamour!

Well may I get aboard! This is the chase:

I am gone for ever.

[Exit, pursued by a bear]

I should have adopted a somewhat different approach. Thus:

I gave the man one of my looks.

“Touch of indigestion, Jeeves?”

“No, sir.”

“Then why is your tummy rumbling?”

“Pardon me, sir, the noise to which you allude does not emanate from my interior but from that of the animal that has just joined us.”

“Animal? What animal?”

“A bear, sir. If you will turn your head, you will observe that a bear is standing in your immediate rear inspecting you in a somewhat menacing manner.”

I pivoted the loaf. The honest fellow was perfectly correct. It was a bear.

Not a small bear, either. One of the large economy size.

“Advise me, Jeeves,” I yipped.

“What do I do for the best?”

“I fancy it might be advisable if you were to exit, sir.”

I did, closely followed by the dumb chum.

And that, boys and girls, is how your grandfather clipped six seconds off Roger Bannister's mile.

Who can say which is the superior? Bill's good. I'm good. Both good lads, is the way I look at it, and I deprecate this pitting of author against author. Mischief-makers are always trying to start these literary rows. There is nothing some people—I name no names, “Indignant”—would like better than to stir up bad blood between Shakespeare and myself, but it can't be done. We are both much too sensible.

Nothing for Something

By J. B. BOOTHROYD

IT is not generally known—or, if it is, stop reading now—that among the many valuable services available to G.P.O. telephone subscribers is that of intercepting their incoming calls and telling callers to beat it. Naturally, the service is not free. When I came across it by accident the other day, by ringing up Fred on the village Exchange and asking him to let me get a bit of sleep between 2 p.m. and 5 p.m., I had no idea that it existed. I simply wanted to inaugurate it for my private benefit. As it chanced, Fred wasn't on, and the young lady who pronounces "six" as "sex" became stiff and formal and put me through to the Supervisor, who sounded about seven feet tall, hatchet-faced with shoulder-length rat-tails, vital statistics, 22, 22, 22.

"Suttenly, if you so requare," she told me. "The charge will be fave shillings." I said that it was ludicrous, and agreed.

What I now want to know is whether anyone rang me up between 2 p.m. and 5 p.m. I want to know this for three reasons:

1. Did I get my money's worth, or merely cascade five bob into the voracious coffers of Dr. Charles Hill?

2. If anyone did ring up, was it some terrible bore whose suppression would have been worth twice the money? If so I am morally Dr. Hill's debtor.

3. As a matter of curiosity, what did the Exchange say to the caller or callers?

The last point is fascinating. We all know that when friends wilfully leave their receiver off the hook their callers are simply told that the instrument is out of order, which can be interpreted, according to how well you know them, as evidence that they haven't paid a bill lately, or that they are really having one of those periods when their attempts to call anybody result in an immediate connection with the National Provincial Bank. This is in the tradition of telephone exchange reticence as practised through the ages. Is some other and more suitable form of speech laid down when calls are blocked by request?

Perhaps an attempt is made at a Private-Secretarial deception. "So sorry, Mr. X is in conference." I wouldn't mind paying five shillings for that. Does the telephonist deal with the

matter in her own words? Is there any guarantee that she doesn't trot out that labour-saving old "Sorry, no reply"? Supposing one of my more insistent and irascible friends rings up:

"Yes, yes. Three-two-four-six."

"Sorry, the subscriber's receiving no calls just at present."

"What do you mean—line engaged?"

"Oh, no."

"No reply?"

"I haven't tried."

"Why not, dammit?"

"It wouldn't be any good."

"Wouldn't be any—? How can you possibly know that?"

"The subscriber's receiving no calls just at present."

"But there must be a reason."

"Oh, yes."

"Well, what the devil is it?"

"I'm not at liberty to say."

"I can't imagine what you mean. Is he ill, or something?"

"I couldn't say, I'm sure."

"Well, for Pete's sake! What is the matter? Why can't you put me through?"

"The subscriber's receiving no calls just at present."

And so, on inevitably to the Supervisor, different voice, same dialogue.

If this service is really as little known as I suspect, it is time that it received some official publicity. It seems to me that Dr. Hill is losing a lot of valuable five bobs, most of them, I imagine, netted for absolutely nothing. The duologue imagined above is, I feel sure, considerably fuller than anything likely to take place in real life. The statutory refusal would simply be followed by a metallic click, and the caller left to make what sense of it he could.

If the Postmaster-General, for some reason or other, is against publicizing this five-bob-for-nothing scheme he might at least consider extending it to other services. I append a suggested schedule. The rates are for one year.

Non-delivery of all but	
Greetings Telegrams ..	£1 15s.
Non-delivery of all Pools,	
Detergent or other adver-	
tising matter ..	£3 3s.
Returning, marked "Gone	
Away," all O.H.M.S.	
envelopes ..	£2 2s.

In my own case, as my postman happens to be the gardener in the afternoon and the baker's roundsman on alternate days, perhaps some private arrangement could be come to under which, for a fixed annual sum, he would not leave parcels from my tailor on the back-door paraffin drum, not light secret bonfires that flare up in the small hours and melt the greenhouse, and not put currant-loaves in the middle of the garage floor to be run over after dark. I should think about twenty guineas a year should cover this—and only too pleased to pay.

~ ~

"A deputation representing the Cyprus Conciliation Committee and consisting of Mr. Clement Davies, M.P. (leader), Lord Listowel, Lord Strabolgi, Mrs. Lena Jeger, M.P., Mr. Kenneth Robinson, M.P., and Mr. W. Yates, M.P., saw the Secretary of State for the Colonies, Mr. Alan Lennox-Boyd, this afternoon. The deputation put before him the proposals contained in the Committee's letter to *The Times* on April 16th, 1956. Mr. Lennox-Boyd listened to what the deputation had to say and then explained the position of Her Majesty's Government."—*Complete Press Release from the Colonial Office Information Department*

Ah, well.



Our Hats

By ALISON ADBURGHAM

A WONDERFUL year for hats, the best within living memory, or at least since records were kept. They were out before the hawthorn, and are reaching the cream of perfection as the year climbs up towards June. Hats are big, beautiful, and emotional . . . and we must be big enough to wear them. Faint hearts never make fair ladies.

For the most part they are hats made without straw. Straw is outmoded by chiffon, by organza, or tulle; except when straw is abundantly swathed by chiffon, by organza, or tulle. The feathers of last season have moulted away; no osprey, even for Ascot. But less plumage, more bloomage: never since those old Edwardian summers has there been such a fair flowering. Lily-of-the-valley, completely covering the crown, is springtime's fancy; but the hat that mounts one perfect rose will be the symbol of this summer. One rose, or roses galore: rings and rings of roses, encircling the crown and brimming over. There *may* be blooms other than roses, but whatever flower is chosen there must be no compromise with timid buds, no half-measures with inadequate sprays. If the modest violet is employed it must be in an outrageously immodest manner: a shameless bunch of Parmas.

After the flowered hats come the

deliciously edible hats: soufflés of whipped-up tulle, charlottes of frothed organza, *crèmes brûlées* of lacy crinoline-straw. And then the inedible hats: toadstools of black net or swirled georgette, fringed parasol mushrooms, and purple-spotted puff-balls—instantly fatal. And then, of course, the funny hats: the hair-driers and the big white drums; the bee-hives of Givenchy; the mob-caps of Simone Mirman and hard tops of Jacques Heim; the two-tiered turbans and concertina toques of Svend, the great Dane. If such hats are silly sooth, let us forsooth be silly. We shall pass through this summer but once; and the time between spring fever and midsummer madness is too short for prudence. A hat should be capricious, sweetly unreasonable; something to wear your heart on, if you have that kind of a heart.

But, as a matter of fact, there is more to it than that. More than anything else this year it is the hats which confer the look of the season. They are very, very important. They are more significant than the dresses upon which they set the seal or, in the case of the hard-tops, put the lid. They are so significant that they can give this year's look to last year's suit. It is true that last year, as this year, we took our hats straight, bang on the brow; the difference, this year, is

that they are low on the brow. And the hat itself is much higher in the crown. The head must be *in* the hat, if the hat is to be in the fashion. This alters our whole appearance; it is a volte-face of startling effect.

At the millinery collections the models wore some of the hats so low that their eyes could scarcely be seen. But we, the customers, need not go to such depths. Between February when the hats were shown in the salons, and May when they are seen in the street, much modifying goes on. Not by the model milliners but by those who copy them. For example:

In mid-January Sybil Connolly showed her Spring *couture* collection in Dublin. The hats were by a young unknown milliner, John Green of Belfast, a fledgling from the workrooms of Renée Pavy. These hats won favourable comment: an early motoring hat in beige chiffon, very De Dion Bouton; a little set of upside-down flower-pots; some tiny linen kerchief caps, knotted at the back. All had individuality, youth, and freshness. But the shock hat was a huge white Irish linen hair-drier, very photogenic and since that day much photographed. It is to this white hair-drier that one can trace back the hat which was nominated the other day, by a national newspaper,



as the hat of the year. The model which was awarded this millinery Oscar was a considerably modified hair-drier, with popular appeal and an elevenpence in its price; but it was undoubtedly of the same line. It could, it is true, have derived from Dior; for he also showed a big white hair-drier. But Dior did not show until the end of February. Chronologically, at any rate, Dior followed Green.

The really hatty hats are, of course, for town or for the important out-of-town occasion. At the wrong time and in the wrong place they look emotionally unbalanced. For town cottons, for morning shopping, for the simple holiday or travel frock, there are simpler fabric hats. Madge Chard has scattered a whole series of grosgrain flower-pots in the *boutiques* and hat bars of large shops, and these confer the 1956 appearance for around and about two guineas. For the seaside resort, some of the best hats are those by Ransome in stitched linen, made in fifty different colours. Coolie type, packing flat, they are more generally useful than the big Italian straws and raffias which, even as playthings, are beginning to look *vieux jeux*.

Other holiday linens are as engagingly becoming as prep-school cricket hats; others are dwarf varieties of the huge floppy-brimmed creole hats, designed by Madame Brill, which were shown with Michael's *couture* collection. These creoles were sufficiently face-concealing for a modern Baroness Oldenburg. It was Baroness Oldenburg who, in 1818, devised the side-blinkered poke-bonnet in an attempt to give mystery to her features which were, not to mince matters, all too plain. The Oldenburg original completely concealed the face. When it was copied for less plain women the brim was arched up at the sides and lined with ribbon and flowers. By this means the poke-bonnet became coy, provocative—arch. It is pleasant to think that ugly women, as well as beautiful ones, can initiate fashions; pleasant also to think of the Baroness as the original pig in a poke.

2 2

"Boating on Holiday with your own folding dinghy. From £15 10s.—Send for free list . . ."

Advertisement in Daily Telegraph

Port or starboard?



I'll Never See You Again

WHERE the remote Bermudas ride,
He who once sang of "London
Pride"

Descended from a westbound 'plane
And rais'd a breathless, cultured strain:
"What should I do but sing the praise
Of this entirely splendid place
Where my design for living's free
Of all responsibility?
For see how present laughter thrives
In our expatriated lives:

Here, wafted in on every breeze,
Come cavalcades of royalties,
Which gather in my bank in stacks
Unravag'd by the income tax!
So by this venture I am freed
From thralldom to that happy breed
Who in the island of their birth
Still work, and pay, for all they're
worth.
Now a new loyalty I'll own
In which we serve ourselves alone."

B. A. Y.



IT used to be said of modernist theologians that, confronted with the challenge of Christian dogma, the question that they asked themselves was "How much will Jones swallow?" Such must surely have been the question in every listener's mind as he strained to catch the unqualified declarations of confidence in the mining industry emitted by the new Minister of Fuel and Power. Mr. Nabarro spread before him the challenging carpet of Kidderminster:

*And Aubrey Jones
In ringing tones
Responded to the duel.
His finest hour
Displays his Power,
But where, O where's the Fuel?*

To Mr. Harry White, that wise and pensive man, Mr. Nabarro was "a ballet dancer with clogs on," but ballet dancers, even in clogs, like Agag, tread delicately. Mr. Nabarro certainly does not do that. Equally certainly, equally unlike Agag, he was not hewn in pieces. The Coal debate was a confused and interesting debate. Mr. Nabarro, Mr. Angus Maude and the twenty-one who stayed the course out of their thirty-six supporters certainly made the

point that there is at present no effective control over the Coal Board's financial policy, and it was a good thing that some Conservatives should make their protest against the Government's Socialist policy. Just as in Jacobite times one member of the family would go out for King James and one for King George so that someone could be sure of keeping his hand on the pudding, so Mr. John Eden boldly went out against Uncle Anthony. And yet there is no doubt that the miners are massed solidly against the Nabarro boys, and it is hard to see how the industry could go on if the bill had been rejected. It was not surprising that Mr. Callaghan and other Socialists should have taunted the dissentients into the lobby against the Government.

Snuff at any rate is out. The Minister of Health is definite about it that "statistical inquiry failed to show any relation between the taking of snuff and lung cancer." If only anybody took snuff what a comfort that would be! Sir Wilfrid Lawson once asked for figures of the expectation of life of teetotallers in the Coldstream Guards. The answer was 0-0. The one teetotaller had died the day before yesterday.

The Cyprus debate was a good debate. Bad luck as it is on the back-benchers, we have to face the fact that short debates are often better than long. A long debate almost inevitably falls between Scylla and Charybdis—between the rocks of order and the whirlpools of irrelevance. Either Members stick to the point, in which case there is an intolerable amount of repetition, or they do not stick to the point, in which case the debate loses all shape. In Gerald

Gould's *Lady Adela* there was a politician who began all his sentences alternatively with "I need not say" or "I do not hesitate to repeat." Both, Gerald Gould tells us, were true. The Cyprus debate established quite clearly two points. First, in so far as party politics go—if there is anyone left in the country who cares in the least about party politics—Mr. Lennox-Boyd bowled out the Socialists middle stump, neck, crop, hook, line and sinker. The Socialists complained that things have been allowed to drift, but it was the Socialists, he showed, who refused to settle in 1951. Second, Mr. Maclay and Mr. Paget from opposite sides of the House were clearly right in rebuking those who talk as if this was a matter merely between us and the Greeks. Whether we like it or not, there are the Turks, and whether we like it or not, we must face the fact that the Turks will fight if we should merely hand over Cyprus to the Greeks. That is certainly true and therefore the saying of it is to be applauded. But, though it is right to insist that the Turks must be considered, there is a certain danger in the habit that has grown up in recent months of talking of Turkey as the one unsick man of Europe. That is very far from true. Turkish economy is in a very dicky state. The extent to which the Turks have mastered the machines which they have been given is very doubtful. Their political system is a travesty of democracy. Mr. Maclay spoke of the "magnificent restraint" of the Turkish Government. That restraint was not so very evident in the riots of last September of which so strangely little was said in the British press. The riots began as riots against Greeks, but spread to Armenians, and it was only touch and go



that they did not spread to all Christians.

There was a good deal in Mr. Paget's high Tory doctrine that there was no one now in Cyprus with whom we could negotiate and that therefore there was nothing for it but that we should "have the guts to govern," but there was also a good deal in Sir Robert Boothby's argument that if such policies were pursued they might assuage our pride but Cyprus would be entirely useless to us as a base. Mr. Creech-Jones found it all so confusing that, so far as one could observe from the press gallery, he was to all intents and purposes dissolved into tears. There is something strangely like a weeping animal about his oratory. But what animal, it may be fairly asked? Perhaps it was Mr. Tom Fraser who gave the answer at Question Time on Tuesday when he complained that at the Anglo-Scottish border there is a notice one side of which reads "Welcome to England" and the other "Beware of the sheep."

There are so many possible explanations of the various incidents which blow up in these modern times, and since an official government statement can tell the public no more than one story which is untrue, the Government has shown wisdom in closing down on making any statements at all.

*And when she shouted "Fire, Fire,"
They only answered "Little liar."*

How often politicians should meditate on the moral of Matilda's fate! Democracy clearly requires that as a general rule the people should be told the facts. As clearly there are particular occasions when secrecy is essential. But if our rulers wish to be trusted when they tell us that it is against the public interest

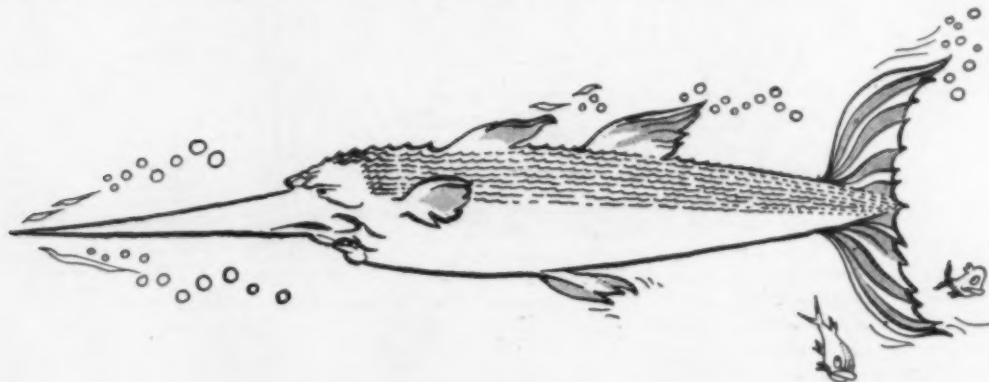
to make a statement, they must build up for themselves a store of moral capital by frankness where frankness is possible so that the public shall not suspect that facts are being withheld on a plea of public interest, but in reality because the knowledge of them would be inconvenient to politicians. The Prime Minister was doubtless right in saying that a true statement on the Crabb case was against the public interest. But in that case why was a false statement from the Admiralty a short time before in the public interest? If Parliament was more inquisitive than it should have been, it was because it had behind it a long memory of official statements where we had been told that here was the whole truth and found out afterwards that something had been kept from us. Also, if, as was admitted, "disciplinary steps" had been taken, then some steps ought to be taken against some political figure. Doubtless the Prime Minister is right in saying, and the Russian Admiral is wrong in denying, that no Minister knew anything about it. But some Minister ought to have known—ought,

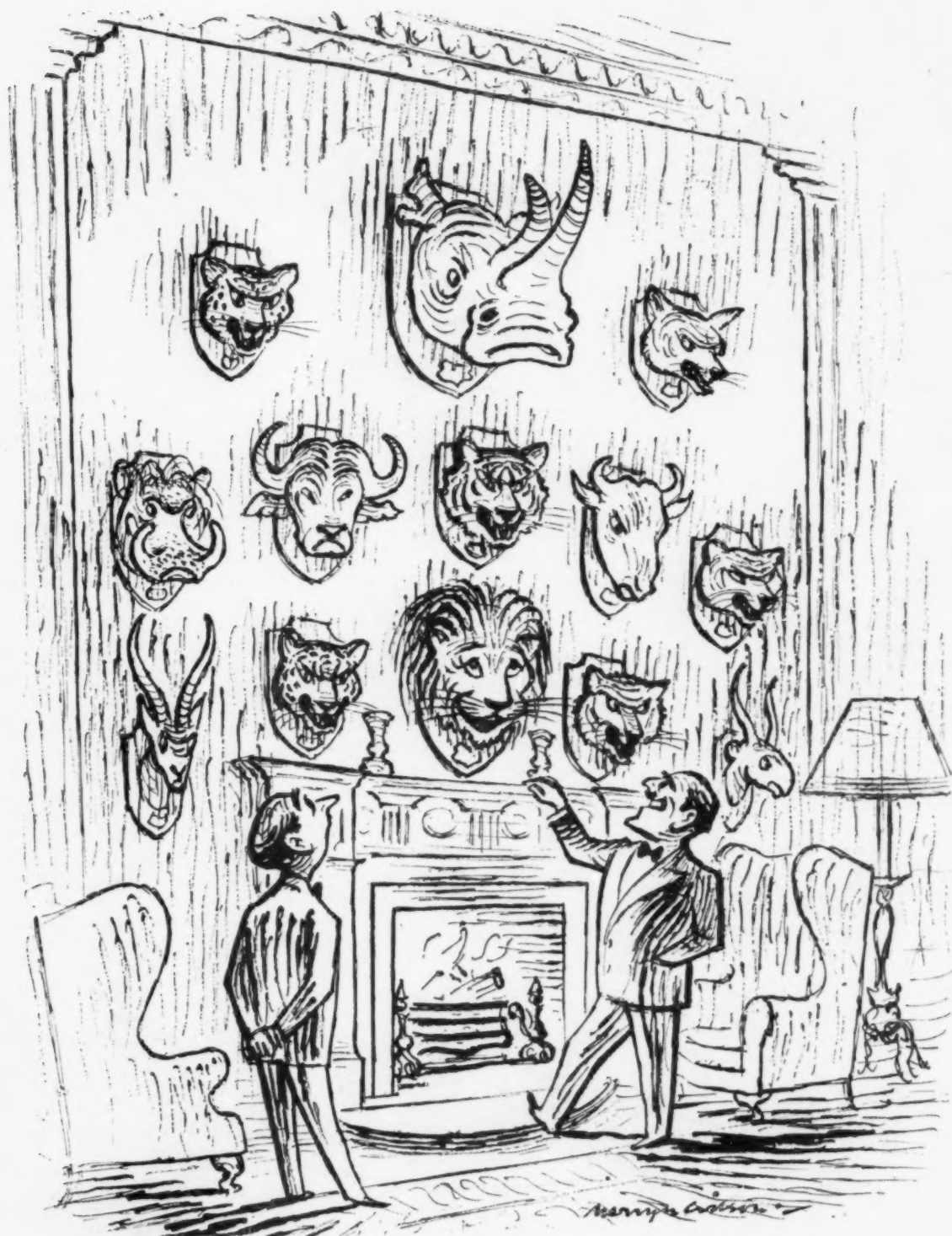
if not to have known about that particular incident, at least to have had sufficient general control to be sure that such things did not irresponsibly go on.

As for the episode itself, it is as unfortunate as it could be. If we must spy, let us spy a little more competently. But do not let us be too pompous about it. One cannot very seriously believe that the Russians were shocked to discover that they had been spied upon. The whole notion of a host who does not spy upon his guest is doubtless to them bizarre and unfamiliar. It was only among elder statesmen that such goings on were shocking, and Mr. Herbert Morrison and Mr. Shinwell, who came to scoff, remained ostentatiously to abstain. There is, it is said, discontent among the Socialists, and rumours that all pairing will be banned. But Socialists are unlikely to cut off their noses to spite Mr. Shinwell's face.

Meanwhile Big Ben is to stop in July, and Justice and Mercy have been removed from the House of Lords to make more room for Queen Victoria.

CHRISTOPHER HOLLIS





"And I bagged this one just outside the game reserve."



In the City

Sent to Coventry

I MENTIONED automation once only. The men with whom I talked made it quite clear that they dislike the word and consider the public's (and the Press's) preoccupation with it as evidence of crass ignorance. There is nothing new about automation: ever since Hargreaves, Arkwright and Crompton devised machines to spin and weave with reduced expenditure of man-hours of labour, automation has been the goal of scientists, technologists, engineers and industrialists. Britain became the workshop of the world because we were the first people to employ labour-saving devices in a big way. Britain will remain an important industrial power only if we retain the impetus of two hundred years of industrial drive and revolution. The workers of Coventry accept this. They know that there will be no decent jobs for their sons unless British industry remains in the first division and competes effectively with other manufacturing nations. But at the moment they are worried about their own jobs.

Necessity, that matronly figure, is particularly fecund when wages are high and rising and labour is hard to get. Over-full employment (more jobs waiting to be filled than workers to fill them) has prompted all manner of improvements in working conditions. Profit-sharing schemes have multiplied; one firm has announced its intention to provide over-the-counter assistance with school fees; where possible, workers' houses have been built, amenities laid on, pensions boosted, and so on. But it is the degree of security offered that now determines the employee's strength of allegiance. Millions of men remain in relatively poorly-paid jobs—in the Civil Service, teaching and other professions—in spite of offers of higher pay and

chances of promotion in industry. Why? Because we have been conditioned by years of propaganda on behalf of cradle-to-grave insurance to over-value the blessings of security.

Alex is a fitter with three children. He earns £14 10s. a week and at forty-two hates the thought of taking up his roots. He has good reason to do so. "Suppose I'm put out of work by the machines," he says, "and suppose they offer me another job at £20 in Brum or somewhere. How can I be sure of getting a buyer for my house (he's paid off £200 of the mortgage) and finding another place as near to the works? Meg wouldn't like to move, either. She's involved in a lot of H.P. business in Coventry and wouldn't know how to sort things out. We've only just got Derek into the local Grammar School. He's coming on well and I shouldn't like to disturb him. I dare say there are good schools in Brum, but how could

I be certain he'll be admitted to one that's as convenient as this one? Joan wouldn't thank me, either. She's got a job at Willis's, the hairdresser's, and is earning good money. And she's got a nice boy-friend."

Alex is not afraid of a new job. He is not impressed by the theory (the newspaper economist's) that he is too-old-at-forty to acquire new occupational skills. Modern industrial processes, built round scientific application of the principles of the division of labour, are readily mastered by men with an engineering background and adequate manipulative dexterity. Alex is not so much in love with his old job that he resents the idea of tackling a new one. But like thousands of his mates he is genuinely afraid of becoming a victim of industrial immobility.

He wants his new job brought to him on a plate, and in the circumstances who can blame him?

MAMMON

* * *



In the Country

Education Goes to Town

BLESSED are the illiterate; if they do not inherit the earth at least they cultivate it. When the villages had no more than a dame school, or classes run by the parson, at least our children were not inoculated with irrelevancies, and they were always accessible. Potato planting always took precedence over school, as did the week when the mangolds had to be singled, and the three weeks' hay harvest, and of course when the corn was ripe all thought of the three Rs was completely abandoned. By this "backward" method children were led towards (which I suppose is the derivation of the word education) being countrymen. But now the countryside is burdened with "Education," and all that commendable

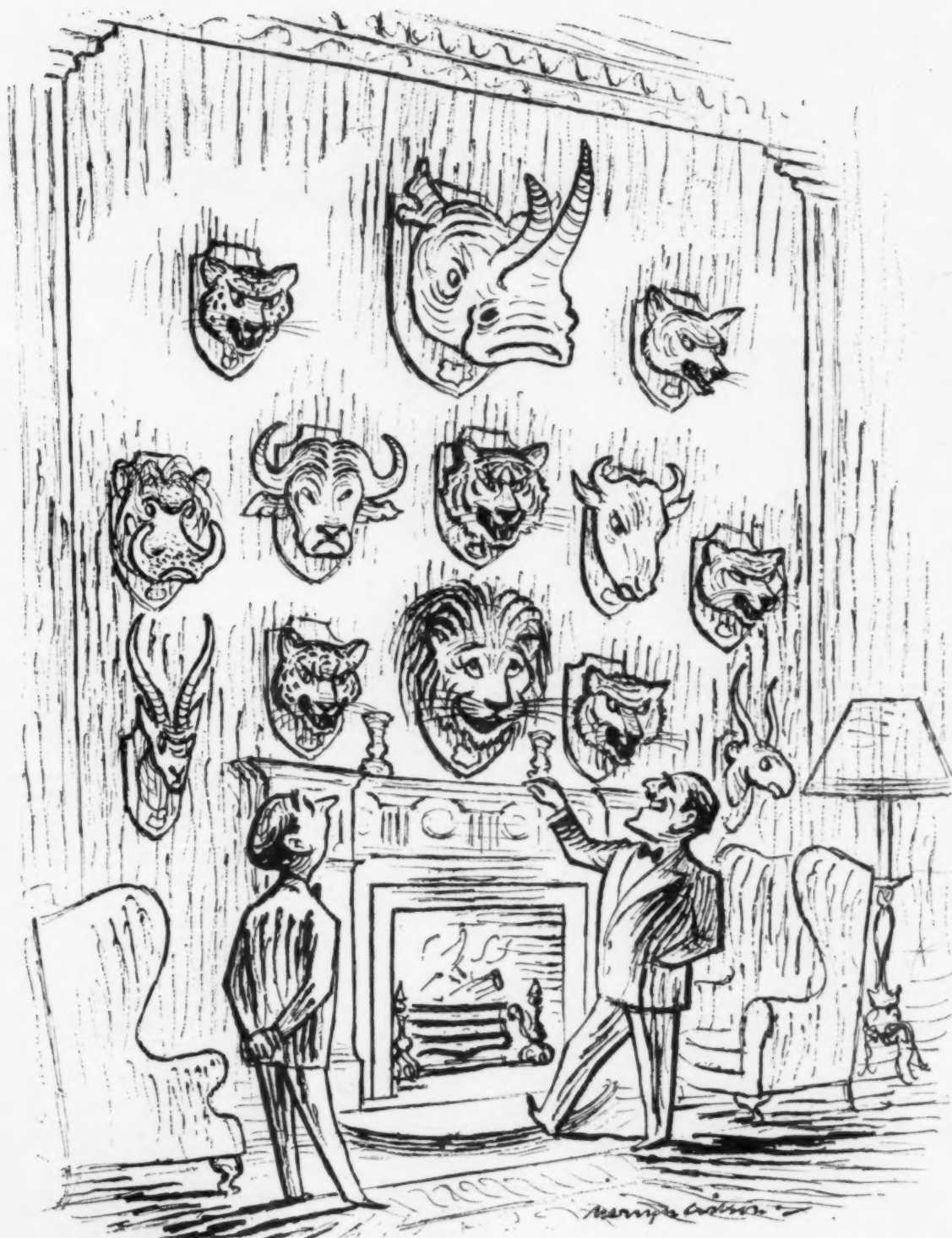
and comfortable ignorance has been condemned.

Confound the Webbs, including Matthew Arnold! Now education has become the Holy Grail, leading each child as far as possible from his natural environment and destiny and leaving him in the vacuity of the cathode ray tube. The village schools have all been turned into Youth Hostels, where segregated sexes on single bunks spend abortive week-ends. And our children, in enormous buses, are zoned like so many fish to one or another large Secondary School as much as fifty miles from their homes, where really ignorant people with diplomas but no knowledge of country life teach them facts which have nothing but truth to commend them.

None of these County Grammar Schools includes agriculture in its curriculum. As a subject, farming is despised among the "educated." It is regarded as an industry fit only for village idiots, despite the fact that its production is worth more than that of any other industry in the country, and that it employs more labour than the combined coal-mining and ship-building industries.

People sometimes think it strange that I should devote half my time to running a farm. They think that writing and farming are two incongruous activities. Henry Gaudier, the sculptor, knew better; in one of his letters he says that he cannot make up his mind which of the fine arts to follow: painting or farming.

RONALD DUNCAN



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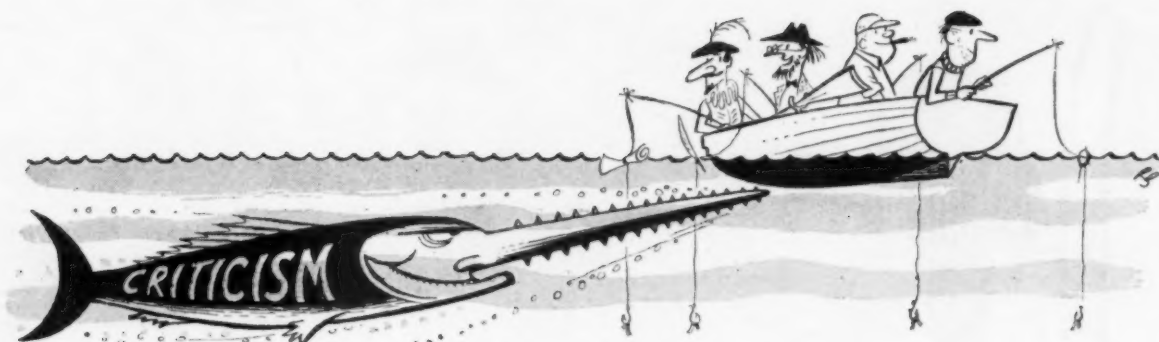
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RONALD DUNCAN



BOOKING OFFICE Gallipoli in Perspective

Gallipoli. Alan Moorehead. *Hamish Hamilton*, 21/-

MR. MOOREHEAD's account of the Gallipoli campaign is so objective, so dispassionate, so outwardly free of any suspicion of taking sides, that it is not at first evident that it has a "slant." There is nothing odd in his having chosen a defeat to write about; the British glory in their defeats like saints in martyrdom. Already Dunkirk and the Canadian raid on Dieppe have begun to present themselves to the memory as victories, and Gallipoli, thirty years more mature, is safely enshrined beside Blenheim and Waterloo.

But Mr. Moorehead, seeing the campaign with the Olympian unconcern of one who has read all the papers on both sides of the hill, writes about it neither as defeat nor victory. He is not indignant about the slipshod planning or the idle elderly generals, nor ecstatic about the heroism of the troops. As a matter of fact he seems not to have noticed the heroism of the troops much, and apart from the Anzacs, who were, of course, bronzed giants fearless in battle and rude to officers, he tends to see them as gormless, homesick youngsters pretty well out of their depth. Even the landing of the 1st Lancashire Fusiliers on April 25—a little exploit that won them "six V.C.s. before breakfast"—has escaped his notice, and when he does mention "Lancashire Landing" it is only to ask if anyone still remembers it.

In any case it is not the descriptions of the fighting that matter most in this book. They reach, at their best, the high standard of Mr. Moorehead's reporting in the last war; but they have been done before, and by writers with the advantage of personal participation or at least of fresher contact with personal participation. It is the

presentation of the politicians and commanders, on both sides, that provides the central interest. The British generals come out of it, on balance, even worse than one would have thought; as formidable an enemy as the Turks and the climate was the Military Secretary's department at the War Office. During the initial landings, Sir Ian Hamilton was sailing up and down in the *Queen Elizabeth* out of touch with both his own



staff and his subordinate commanders. (He is said to have written five thousand words in his diary that night, which hardly suggests very close attention to the battle.) But he was a model commander compared with most of those under him.

Sir Montague Stopford, who was sixty-one and had never commanded troops in the field, was appointed solely because of his seniority in the Army List. While his men were going ashore at Suvla, Stopford was sleeping happily on the deck of H.M.S. *Jonquil*, and he neither sent nor received a message all night. When Hamilton, moved at last

to do something about his subordinates besides tolerating them, had Stopford sent home, he replaced him temporarily by General de Lisle, G.O.C. 29th Division. Forthwith General Mahon of 10th Division, who was slightly his senior, resigned his command in a huff.

Finally Hamilton himself was recalled and Sir Charles Monro sent to take over. Churchill wrote: "Monro was an officer of quick decision. He came, he saw, he capitulated." The stimulating prospects bought with a quarter of a million casualties, prospects that only Churchill and Keyes really understood, were thrown away after a single glance. Even in the evacuation, skilfully carried out as it was, the generals ran true to form; General Maude of 13th Division held up the embarkation of the last two hundred men from W Beach for half an hour because he could not find his valise.

All these events, the heroic and the shocking and the absurd together, Mr. Moorehead has woven into a paragon of cool, logical exposition, never undermining his facts with comment, and only occasionally succumbing to the temptation to insert those purple passages that all military historians have felt to be necessary since Napier wrote his *Peninsula War*. Only in the last two sentences of his last chapter does he permit himself a moment of emotion—

"Decorations were awarded to General Monro and his chief-of-staff who had so firmly insisted upon evacuation.

"No special medal, however, was given to the soldiers who fought in the Gallipoli campaign."

B. A. YOUNG

Love and Politics

Retreat to Innocence. Doris Lessing. *Michael Joseph*, 15/-

The innocent, eager daughter of frightfully arty, left-wing parents rebels against their absorption in amateur politics and their messy personal lives, yet she falls in love with a middle-aged

Central European refugee, who is full of sardonic wisdom, fatherliness and political professionalism. At the end of the book she marries the nice boy in the Home Office and gentle, humorous Jan goes back home with his bureaucrat brother, once more united to the Party.

Miss Lessing is a novelist of very respectable achievement and she manages to do quite a lot with her unpromising material. She made her name by writing about South Africa, and when she lets her refugee argue about the facts of power her novel tightens up; but the conflict between the generations does not come off, possibly because her heroine is as improbable as her parents. The love affair is novelettish and somehow one feels that Jan's "grey hair curling on his forehead" is probably a toupée.

R. G. G. P.

The Englishness of English Art. Nicholas Pevsner. *Architectural Press*, 16/-

Many listeners to Dr. Pevsner's Reith Lectures will be glad to have them amplified with good illustrations. Others will find this inquiry (with lengthy asides about our odd habits and customs) vaguely irritating.

Dr. Pevsner admits the dangers of his method, "a comparative geography of art," and they are sufficiently obvious. When the evidence for his theories proves disconcerting sometimes it is given an ingenious twist or blandly evaded. Expatriating on the distinctive attributes of English early Gothic architecture, he candidly refers to some glaring exceptions which are just "an instance of a welcome and most profitable interference with the spirit of the age." Similarly, embarrassingly close parallels between our landscape painting and that of the Low Countries are brushed aside with the assurance that they "need not detain us." Some of the captions make one feel that the learned author will go to great lengths to maintain his theories. There are instances in which the obvious, prosaic explanation is jettisoned for one much more subtle but also much more debatable. Dr. Pevsner

dislikes Dr. Johnson. That is no excuse for the baseless assertion that in the well-known Zoffany of the Garricks drinking tea the figure of Johnson is included.

R. E.

The Great Captains. Henry Treece. *The Bodley Head*, 13/6

The debunking of King Arthur seems to be an important feature of this novel of the dark and obscure fifth century in Britain. The time is pictured as one of such misery for the poor and insecurity for their masters, of such filth, bloodshed and cruelty, that the wonder is that anyone at all survived. Arthur himself is very much the *ursus horribilis* that, we are reminded, he was called in an early sketch of his character. He had two wives, Gwenhyfar his illegitimate half-sister, and a Byzantine dancer whom he renamed in her honour even while she lived: the dancer's death is the most moving thing in the story.

If Arthur was nothing more than the cruel despot, with occasional lovable whims, that he seems here it is difficult to believe that, in spite of his victories and the assistance of Malory and Tennyson, his legend would have lasted quite so long. Perhaps, as so often happens when debunking is in hand, our author has been a little too successful.

B. E. S.

The Fatal Decisions. Michael Joseph, 25/-

Six German generals, Kriepe, Blumentritt, Bayerlein, Zeidler, Zimmerman and Von Manteuffel, describe the decisive battles of Hitler's war. They write very much as one would expect them to—disclaiming responsibility for military disaster, blaming Hitler, praising the heroism of the Fatherland's humble cannon-fodder and charting the progressive disintegration of pre-war Europe with clinical detachment.

Only in Kurt Zeidler's analysis of the battle of Stalingrad is there any attempt to describe war in terms of human conflict and suffering. For the rest it is a matter of map references, material and statistics, and as such holds limited interest for the layman. The best parts of this book are the commentaries by Siegfried Westphal and the short introduction by Cyril Falls.

A. B. H.

AT THE PLAY



The House by the Lake
(DUKE OF YORK'S)
Don Juan—The Death of Satan
(ROYAL COURT)

The Theatre of Angna Enters (ARTS)

IN the perfect crime play, it seems to me, the unlikely must be justified by the author. If, for example, he discovers a rhinoceros adrift in an old people's home at Broadstairs and offers no reasonable explanation, then he breaks the rules. In *The House by the Lake* HUGH MILLS doesn't go quite so far as



that, but I think he cheats. He makes an unfrocked doctor and his sister, both on all the evidence completely uncriminal in background, commit a particularly cold-blooded murder, and never once show the least degree of shame or humane feeling. It is not enough to give the doctor a sinister manner and to demonstrate that the victim is better dead; in the case of the sister especially, the characters become mechanical. Secondly, Mr. MILLS' alleged detective carries on in such a thoroughly odd way that we have to assume him a black-mailer or an illegitimate son with a grudge, only to be left guessing when it turns out that he is in fact from the Yard.

All this is puzzling and frustrating. *The House by the Lake* gathers momentum slowly, but although it suffers from the further drawback that we can too easily see too far ahead, it has its own quiet excitements and one remarkable scene in which FLORA ROBSON, as the doctor's neurotic wife, is hypnotized by him into a wish to kill herself. Until that point one wondered why Miss ROBSON had accepted a part with so little scope; her acting in this scene, however, and also that of ANDREW CRICKSHANK, suddenly lifts the play right above the level of the conventional thriller. Mr. CRICKSHANK, very stolid and determined, is partnered nefariously by JENNY LAIRD, grown very cold and tense. The mysterious policeman is ALAN MACNAUGHTAN, the breezy Chief Constable FRANK ROYDE; but after Miss ROBSON I would put SYLVIA COLERIDGE, whose brief appearances as the victim's tortured wife are extremely telling.

RONALD DUNCAN's plays, *Don Juan* and *The Death of Satan*, were produced separately at the Devon Festival, but he has now married them into a single piece which runs for three and a half hours. *Don Juan* is the more conventional and could be shortened with advantage.

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Solution to last week's crossword

Here, with a good deal of romantic detail, we are shown the technique of seduction on the grand scale, leading to Don Juan's death in a duel and his visa for hell, arranged by courtesy of the ghost of Dona Ana's father. The last scenes in this section, where the statues of the victims come to life, are extremely well staged and I felt they would have served as an effective opening to the second play of which they seemed to be a part.

In *The Death of Satan* Mr. DUNCAN becomes much more amusing. His notion of hell is to combine the comforts and excruciating boredom of a good club. Shaw, Wilde and Byron are already old members, who to the fury of Satan have settled down to a routine of double-whiskies and poker with the Ten Commandments as stakes. When Don Juan arrives he is the only one who suffers as he should, for his love of Dona Ana and his misery at having killed her father. Anxious to know why humanity has lost its sense of shame, Satan dispatches him to earth on a kind of Dulles fact-finding mission. In a fashionable modern hotel the satirist in Mr. DUNCAN wittily provides the answer; the new religion of tolerance and emancipation has chased out guilt, and in these cold-blooded circumstances poor Juan discovers that even seduction has lost its edge. And so, in rather a spate of theology, he goes back gladly to hell, where Satan dies of the news.

It all makes a somewhat unequal

evening, but one in which the play of ideas is often spirited. The main burden is on KEITH MICHELL as Juan. He not only succeeds in the bravuras of the beginning but points the later ironies with a charmingly light touch. The early Dona Ana of ROSALIE CRUTCHLEY is less persuasive than her modern reincarnation as a Bloomsbury rationalist, whom Miss CRUTCHLEY plays to perfection. MICHAEL GWYNN's Satan, in the guise of a worn and troubled curate, is delightful.

An evening with ANGNA ENTERS is like strolling at leisure round a gallery in which carefully chosen pictures are hung singly in each room, and one idles between them; for Miss ENTERS changes her dress for each of her sketches. This takes a little time, but pays dividends. She speaks not a word, and so economical of movement is her miming that at first one wonders how she can possibly support a whole evening by herself. Then, as the subtlety of her method becomes apparent, one learns to watch for each flicker of expression in her long, pale face and black, burning eyes, and one finds oneself in a strange Proustian world where the delicacy of the mood is all. Toulouse-Lautrec might have had a hand in shaping her, and the strength of her face might be the finished work of Epstein. In a few minutes she gives us, so that we feel it poignantly and somehow know it to be exactly right, the boredom of a French provincial wandering

aimlessly between the refurbishing of a hat and a scrap of half-hearted Chopin at the piano. A girl at a riverside picnic, frittering while her lover sleeps, a tired dancer in a Paris night-club, turn of the century, these are exquisite; but the impression that staggers by its intensity is her elderly French prostitute, caught with her mechanical smile at a café table by the rain and driven wearily to cover, too numb to care.

Miss ENTERS is both humorist and tragedienne. Her art is bone-dry and acutely observant. Clearly she would be caviar to the general, but such caviar is rare.

Recommended

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

The Waltz of the Toreadors (Criterion—14/3/56), Anouilh, and the most interesting play in London. *The Rivals* (Saville—7/3/56), produced with a grand flourish. *La Plume de ma Tante* (Garrick—9/11/55), *fou comme un chapelier*.

ERIC KEOWN

AT THE BALLET

Les Ballets de Paris de Roland Petit (PALACE)

A NEW ballet by GEORGES SIMENON to music by GEORGES AURIC sounded promising—the sort of thing we had come to expect from ROLAND PETIT, purveyor of bizarre and exciting novelties. *La Chambre* was exciting enough, with a dancer who screamed aloud, a *femme fatale*, a detective and a murder. But the effect of novelty was impaired by the resemblance of the squalid setting to that which had proved so striking in *Le Jeune Homme et la Mort* when the company was last in London. In a cryptic programme note M. SIMENON thus sums up his theme: "A rectangular orange-coloured light in a slab of night is a window; a window is a room; a room is mankind's burrow where one gives birth, loves, hates, dies. And sometimes kills."

The curtain rises on a man staggering, falling from a rickety table and dying. Fellow-lodgers and detectives enter, and the affair in which now figures a woman of mystery (stepping through the window from a balcony opposite) is re-enacted from the beginning. BUZZ MILLER, a newcomer to the company, is a clever mime and acrobatic dancer, with the right touch of the macabre to give telling point to what is essentially a *Grand Guignol* sketch. As the girl, VERONIKA MLAKAR is darkly sinister. The few moments of her excellent dancing scarcely justified labelling the production as ballet.

Another work new to London, *Les Belles Damnées*, was of even less account—a burlesque of a music-hall sketch in which gay ladies on their way to inferno are received by page-boy devils. VIOLETTE VERDY, a most talented, versatile and



Maurice—ANDREW CRUICKSHANK

[The House by the Lake

Janet—FLORA ROBSON

lovely dancer, was wasted on this tasteless invention by ROLAND PETIT. It gave Mr. MILLER, however, further opportunity to display his remarkable agility as well as his wit. What merit the piece might have possessed was cancelled by costumes intended to be funny but succeeding only in being hideous.

The programme, which remains unchanged during the four weeks' season, opens with the delightful Anouilh ballet, *Le Loup*. PETIT (who alternates the name part with ROBERT POMIE) and Miss VERDY repeat their poetic and poignant performance and the eye is further charmed by the exquisite décor and costumes by CARZOU. The programme closes with *Carmen*, the ballet which, taking some liberties with BIZET's music, created a furore when it was first done in London seven years ago. It has been seen on every return of the company and always with RENÉE JEANMAIRE in the title-rôle. Alas! It is losing its dramatic impact. Somehow much of the fire has gone out of it and neither JEANMAIRE nor PETIT now communicate the emotion which was once so electrifying. And what has happened to the superbly theatrical dénouement? Was it no more than bad lighting that robbed me of the thrill for which I was waiting? Clearly *Carmen* is a shade jaded and needs rest and rejuvenation.

C. B. MORTLOCK



AT THE PICTURES

Death of a Cyclist
Patterns of Power

READING the synopsis after seeing *Death of a Cyclist* (Director: JUAN A. BARDEM), I realized—it was an unusually detailed synopsis—that I hadn't at the time grasped the full inwardness of certain moments in the story. I prefer to think that this was my fault rather than any fault in the making of the film, because even without fully understanding those moments I found it continuously absorbing and a constant satisfaction to the eye and the mind.

No question, it is strikingly, individually made. We have not seen many Spanish works, and one tends to recall something like *Marcelino* for comparison; but this is very far from being a warm comfortable fable about kindly priests and the charms of innocence. This is a tough one, with adultery, blackmail and violent deaths, and it is done with a force and authority that give it an astonishing grip. It begins with, literally, the "death of a cyclist": a man and a woman in a car run the cyclist down on a lonely road, and—because they dare not reveal that they were together in the car at the time—leave him there to die and say nothing about it.

It is the woman, a cold beauty, a *femme fatale* as they come, who is the dominating figure; the man had been her betrothed, before she married for money and position, which she now cannot bear the thought of giving up.



William Briggs—ED BRIGLEY

Walter Ramsey—EVERETT SLOANE

Fred Staples—VAN HEFLIN

Then comes blackmail (a poisonous art critic, in demand as a gay fellow at parties, smilingly murmurs threats as he plays the piano); and the man, a lecturer at the university, goes to pieces and by his negligence provokes a students' riot.

The end in summary may sound artificially neat and contrived: the woman having killed the man (because his conscience is driving him to go to the police), meets her own death in a crash with another cyclist. Full circle, round-off, and all the rest of it. But as a whole the picture is memorably impressive. The keynote of the strongly individual style is the sharp, sudden cut from brief scene to brief scene—almost always to action, and usually a contrasting kind of action, or to action from repose (for instance, the cut from a church scene to runners on a sports field). We don't know the players, but among those who stay in the mind are the dangerous beauty herself (LUCIA BOSE) and the blackmailer, Rafa (CARLOS CASARAVILLA).

When a West End "first-run house" has a double-feature programme, it can mean that neither film is thought strong enough to stand on its own; but that in itself can also mean, not that the two are unusually feeble, but that they are unusually good (in a way the authorities concerned believe to be "uncommercial"). This at any rate applies, in my opinion, to the new Gaumont programme, where a remarkably well-done and gripping murder thriller, *Nightmare*, is coupled with a quite outstandingly well-done, intensely gripping piece on the same sort of theme as *Executive Suite*, called *Patterns of Power* (Director: FIELDER COOK).

This one is all a matter of good writing (it may have been the uncommonly literate dialogue that scared the programme-planners), good playing and good direction. The scene is an enormous office building, where a cold-hearted boss (EVERETT SLOANE) manipulates a vast commercial "empire." We are introduced to the place through the eyes of a new man (VAN HEFLIN) who only gradually discovers that he has been brought in to replace an ageing vice-president; by the time he realizes this—nearly everybody else, down to the youngest secretaries, suspects it from the first, and the strengthening whiff of doubt and insecurity is beautifully conveyed—the older man is his friend, and he hates to supplant him. To list the incidents of the story would give a quite inadequate impression: the whole point depends on subtleties of atmosphere and situation and personality. I found this a rare pleasure, and it is all the more satisfying to salute because there are only two well-known players and no well-known names at all among the technicians.

Survey

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

The other feature with *Patterns of Power* is *Nightmare* (Director: MAXWELL SHANE) an uneasy thriller with EDWARD G. ROBINSON and good details of the jazz world of New Orleans, quite worth seeing in its own right. Also in London: HITCHCOCK's *The Trouble With Harry* (16/5/56), *The Swan* (9/5/56), and of course *The African Lion* (11/4/56).

The *Swan* is also among the releases. The only other one reviewed here is *Carousel* (2/5/56).

RICHARD MALLETT

ON THE AIR

Ain't Got That Swing

WHENEVER I consider it my duty to say a kind word about the B.B.C. I am apt to mention its services to music. The B.B.C., I say, has worked wonders; it has converted a nation of tone-deaf addicts of "tarara-boomdeay" into a nation of music-lovers. Three years ago in this column I said: "The Corporation, with its comics, commentators and compères, is savaged daily by millions of fireside and saloon-bar critics, and is then revived and restored to favour by a mention of the food of love." And I also said: "Yes, they've worked wonders, but in all decency we cannot applaud the B.B.C.'s efforts on behalf of music without also applauding music's efforts on behalf of the B.B.C. For thirty years the goodwill enjoyed by British radio has been supplied almost exclusively by music."

I now propose to take the argument a stage further by suggesting that any scaffolding of musical culture erected by sound radio is being rapidly dismantled by television. The amount of respectable music, classical or light, broadcast by the television services is negligible. The weekly ration on channels one and nine is about one hour out of thirty, and even this sop to Orpheus is readily and regularly (according to the statisticians of audience research) evaded by a turn of the knob and a change of view. Night after night television drools like a juke-box with popular mush, music of insufferable dullness fitted with words of embarrassing vulgarity and ghoulish grammar.

This stuff is crooned by a number of



TED HEATH

BERNARD BRADEN

stars, each with a ready-made repertoire of mime. To register delight they squeal, wiggle, throw wide their arms; at the mention of anything vaguely mysterious—love, moon, eternity, heart or world—they switch off a vast, toothy grin and stare wanly at the ceiling; and as the song ends they beg for applause like trained dogs for titbits.

These crooners come in various shapes, sizes and arrangements. There are young men, with duck-tail hair dos and bush shirts open to the waist, girls with swimming belladonna eyes and a strangled sob in every phrase, bosomy females as hard and as bold as brass, quartets and quintets of human puppets (one girl to three or four boys is the currently popular set-up). Most of these singers are British and they all, or nearly all, borrow American accents, clothes and mannerisms in their frantic struggle to acquire glamour.

As for the music itself, it consists

of a single melodic line (or a single interval) which is repeated like the call of the cuckoo. Inevitably a tune that is given such treatment eventually registers with the most obtuse and obdurate of listeners: it scratches a pattern on the unconscious mind, and when next heard—an hour or so later—wins high marks for its beauty and originality and catchiness.

British television seldom touches jazz. The other night Bernard Braden welcomed Ted Heath and His Music to Britain after its tour of the United States. He began very sincerely by advising us that this kind of music—"music with a beat," as he called it—could not be to everyone's taste, that this programme was strictly for jazzmen and cats.

So I looked and listened most attentively. I heard no beat. I heard only what I expect to hear from British dance and jazz bands, a showy, noisy fanfaronade of imitation jazz. Ted Heath and his boys are extremely able musicians, but they handle jazz like a Mother Superior playing a vamp in a Christmas charade. I had the impression, false no doubt, that the maestro's arrangements were all designed to disguise a lack of essential feeling for jazz. There were musical giggles in plenty, the brass section bobbed up and down in true show-band style, the drummer appealed for sympathy by displaying remarkable devotion to duty in the face of extreme fatigue. But no beat. I gather however that Mr. Heath has been very successful in the States.

An even more disappointing show was the B.B.C.'s "Festival of British Popular Songs," the first of a series. More about this later. BERNARD HOLLOWOOD



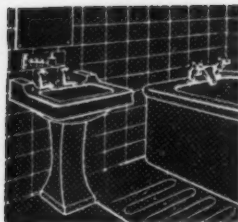
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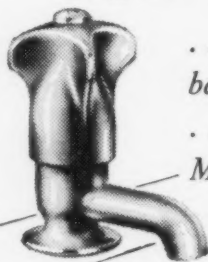


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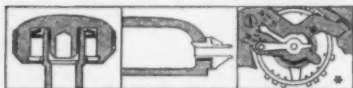


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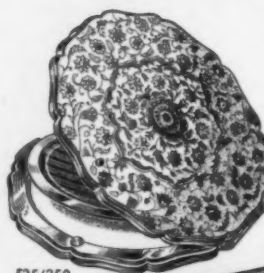
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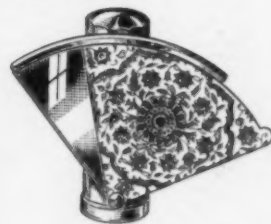
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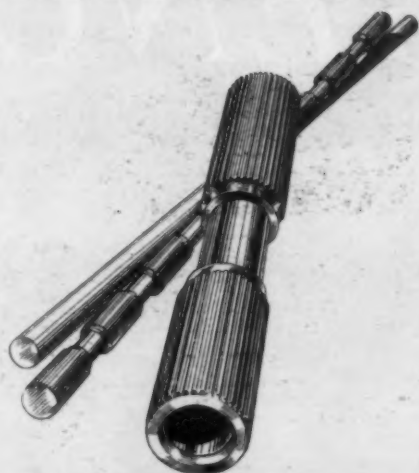
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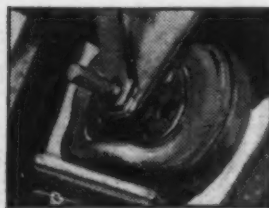
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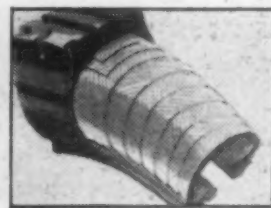
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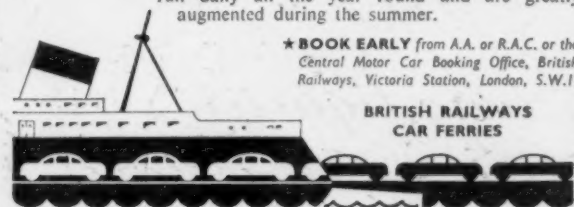
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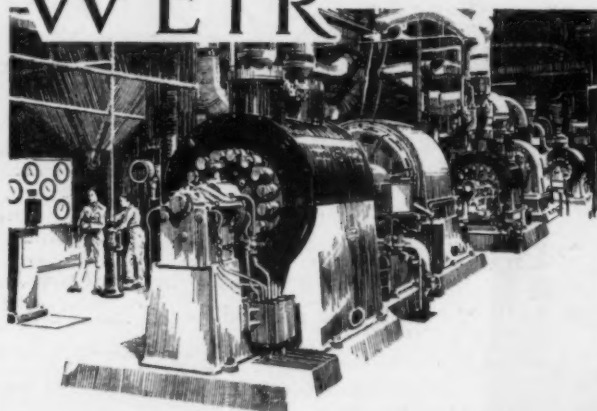


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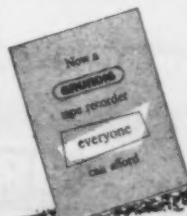
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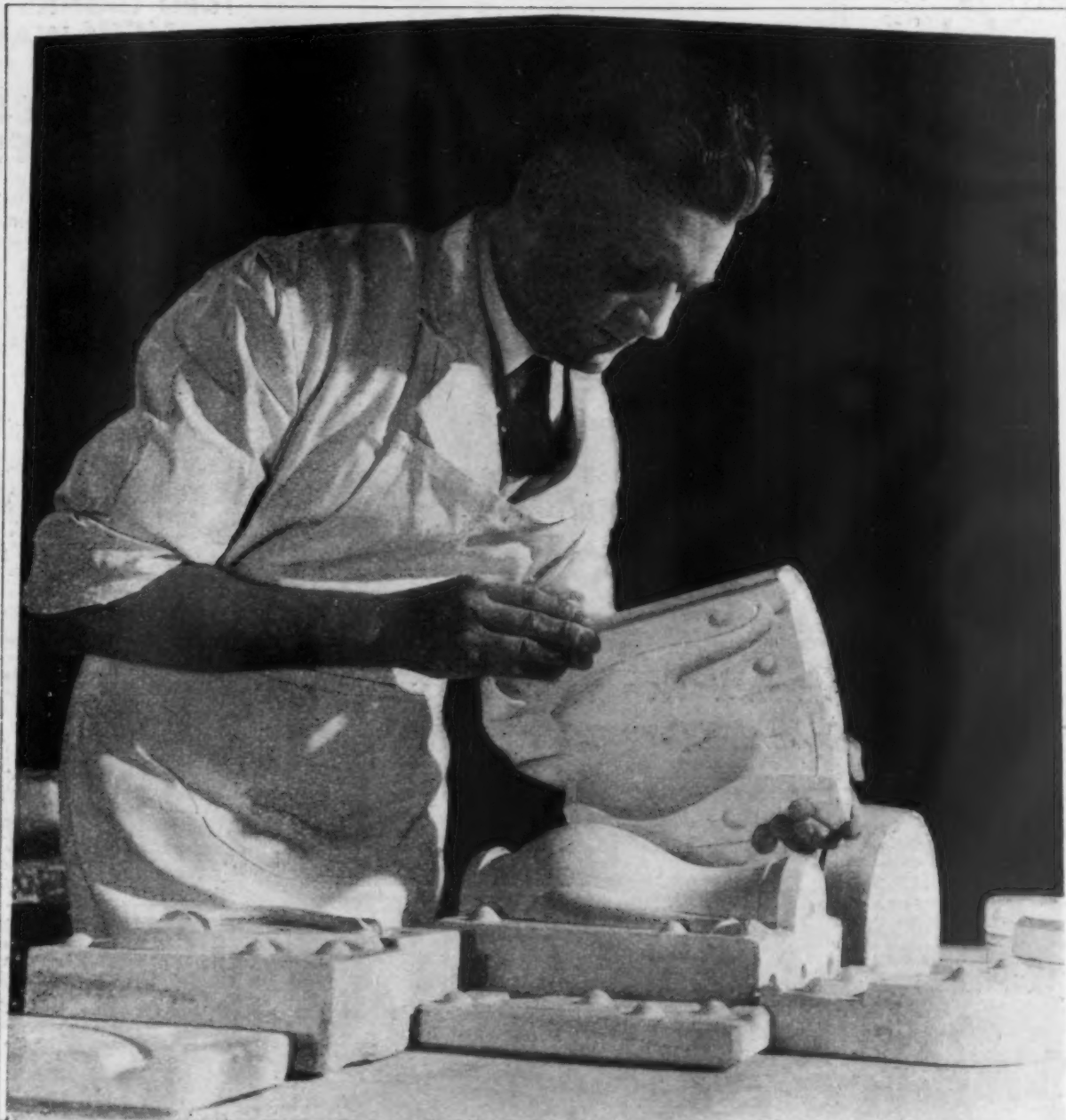
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
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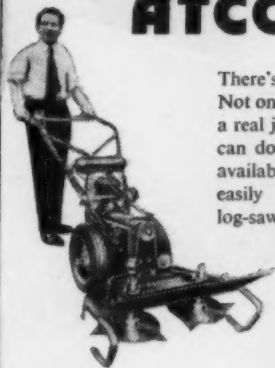
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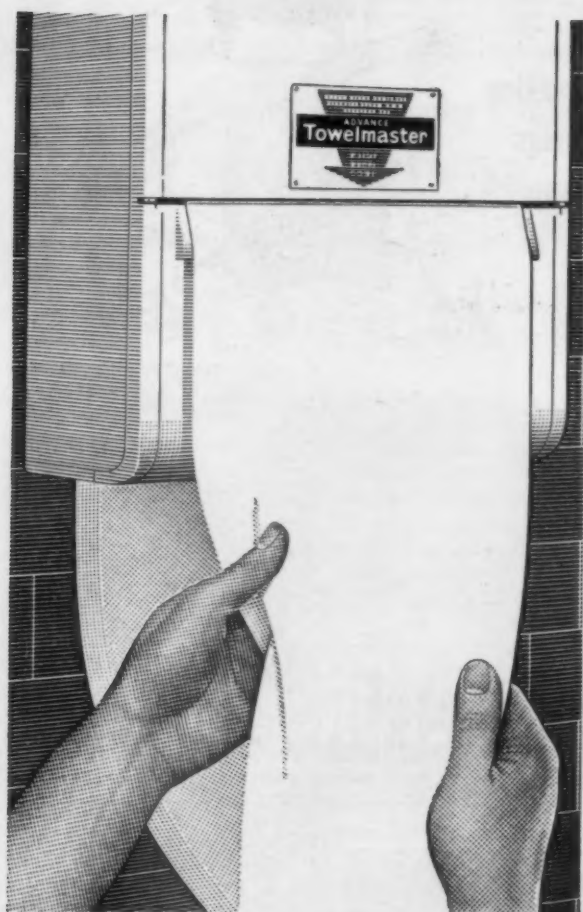
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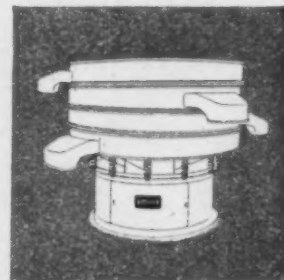
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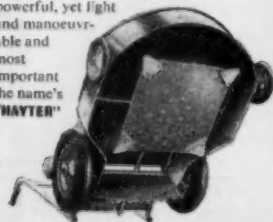
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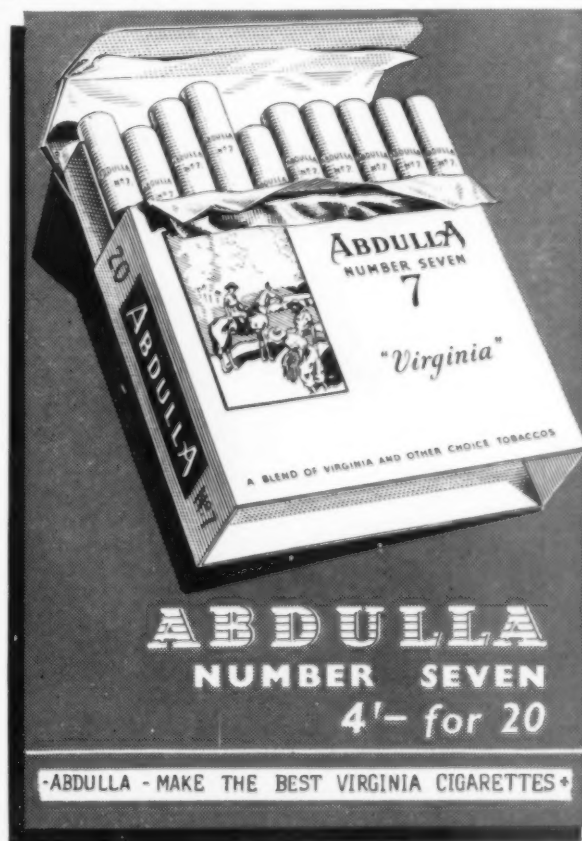
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